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POSSIBILITIES.

"If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth."

"THE word Impossible is not French," said Napoleon to the Duke of Vicenza; and at the time he said it—he had not entered Moscow—his career of unchecked success might have gone far to make himself a believer in his own proposition. The Imperial Victor well knew that a persuasion of its truth, among the people who *then* so blindly worshipped him, would almost make it true. In the career of discovery, among the conquerors of science, the same doctrine has produced effects quite as brilliant, and more enduring, than any that have resulted from those "imperial seas of slaughter." Often have we seen the faith that "hoped all things" become the encourager under repeated failures, and the stimulant to labours which have terminated, after many days, in glorious success; and though we do not mean to adopt the maxim in its full extent, and assert that impossibility is not to be found in the philosophical dictionary, yet we have witnessed so many victories—we have so often written "*Ne plus ultra*" on our charts of discovery, and then seen some bold adventurer carry his researches far beyond our assigned boundary, that while we admit its existence, we cannot attempt to fix its position, but must class it among those bodies of whose place we know only that they are not nearer than a certain number of million leagues, at the same time being quite ignorant whether they are not some hundred times further.

As years elapse—as knowledge increases—the point when impossibility commences appears more distant, and our trust in the infinite grasp of human intellect, our confidence in our powers of discovery, our pride in present possessions, and our hopes of future acquisitions, become more unbounded. We have passed that period when to be incredulous was to be learned; among a half-enlightened race only can that dogma be received: the extremes meet; the destitution and the perfection of knowledge are alike confiding and liberal. It is an imperfect creed which engenders ascetics and encourages persecution. The ignorant worshipper raises his altar to "the unknown god;" the inspired teacher warns us that we "judge not." It is semi-barbarism that is subject to narrow-minded prejudice; it is the "little learning" that fosters conceit and incredulity. The savage has the most unlimited faith in mortal powers, in his acknowledged ignorance of their true extent: he believes in giants and in magic—in words that control the elements, and in sinews that can remove the mountains;—the man of science comes back almost to the same confidence in human power to produce such results.

The first chemists, unacquainted with the methods of analysis, or with the composition of those substances on which they operated, were misled continually by deceptive appearances; yet still holding fast their faith in their mystery, still believing in the possibility of obtaining their long-sought elixir, they laboured on undismayed in spite of disappointment, and even of danger, when a false religion was arrayed against a false science, and anathemas were pronounced on the possessors of the philosopher's stone.

We owe them many thanks; they stumbled in the dark upon discoveries from which the world has reaped more benefit than any that could have sprung from the doubtful influence of their desired object if they had attained it; but without some such stimulant as that afforded by the hopes of obtaining boundless wealth and length of days, they would not have worked at all.

In like manner, it was the fallacious speculations of astrology, it was the craving desire felt by humanity to penetrate the mysteries of futurity—the fond belief that on the aspects and motions of the planets our fate depended, and by them could be predicted—that first gave interest to the study of astronomy. These impulses first induced man to number the stars, to track the motions of the planets, to record eclipses, which have proved the best guides to modern chronologists in fixing the dates of long-past events, and to observe phenomena from which we have deduced the uniformity of the earth's rotation, and the inequalities of the lunar orbit. In short, here also we owe it to the ignorance and the credulity of past generations, that any foundations were laid of that science, which evinces, more than any other, at once the powers of man and his insignificance.

A wiser people were not so liberal; the superstitious men of Athens accused Anaximander of attempting to bind their gods by immutable laws; an impiety for which their sentence, rendered merciful by the interposition of Pericles, only condemned himself and family to perpetual exile. When light began again to dawn in Europe, after the long night of the dark ages, persecution rose with it, and the bigoted cruelty that imprisoned, but could not subdue, Roger Bacon; that pursued Galileo to the end of his life; and that induced the more timid Copernicus to withhold for years the publication of his grand but then supposed to be dangerous truths,—furnishes but additional proof how intolerant imperfect knowledge will render its possessors.

To those daring spirits who laboured on, unsubdued by the difficulties and undaunted at the perils that impeded their course, how great a veneration is due! The leaders of a forlorn hope, they paused not to consider the obstacles which obstructed their progress, but struggled fearlessly forwards, stimulated by the bright looks of that truth which the world could not see, and which themselves saw as yet but dimly in the distance; till at length "that surest touchstone of desert, success," rewarded their exertions, and mankind, henceforth, ranked among the best of their benefactors and instructors those whom they had stigmatised as visionaries and madmen. Their successors are still upon the earth;—men to whom nothing is hopeless, nor anything incredible; men who perpetually enlarge the dominion of possibility, and teach us how distant is the limit of the attainable: and though their dangers and difficulties are less than those of their predecessors—though monks can no longer threaten them with dungeons, and much of the mechanical drudgery of science is found done to their hands,—neither in brilliancy nor in usefulness will their achievements be surpassed by those of any period of which history has preserved the record.

VOL. I.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

GENERAL MONK.

HISTORICAL researches have of late years been conducted in an infinitely more philosophic spirit than has heretofore been usually exercised. The historian is no longer satisfied with remoulding the works of his predecessors, and thus propagating errors in a novel dress,—hashing up the absurdities of the ignorant, prejudiced, or designing, and seasoning the mess according to the supposed taste of the public palate. Facts are sought after, and disinterred from the storehouses of records and muniments, where they have too long lain buried and forgotten, and we reason upon the conclusions drawn from them, and not upon popular prejudices ignorantly adopted as historic truths. Thus, the fables consecrated by the authority of a Livy are dispelled by the antiquarian researches of a Niebuhr; whilst the venerable Herodotus, who has been presumptuously scoffed at as “the father of lies,” is restored to his ancient honours, by the testimony of modern travellers and the labours of the Archæological Institute. In this spirit of philosophic inquiry, we find one of the most celebrated statesmen of the age, the learned Guizot, devoting himself to historical research, and investigating the character of the actors, as the surest method of gaining the true clue to the maze of seeming contradictions which perplex the superficial. We see the result in an essay, or, as he more properly designates it, “Historical Study,” in which he labours to clear up the doubts which shadowed the character of one whose name is inseparably connected with the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, a point of history of peculiar interest: we mean George Monk, a man whose share in public affairs, before and after that event, was not so great as to have preserved much more than his name in the historic page, but who was lifted to immortality by the tide of events which threw the destiny of an empire into his hands. His cautious taciturnity puzzled his contemporaries, and his character has been represented by different biographers and historians in as many different colours as the chameleon, just according to the individual bias of the writer. This enigmatical character has been taken up by M. Guizot as a fit subject for investigation; and our purpose is to follow the record of his researches—his historical studies,—and in a brief sketch show what he has done, and the conclusion at which his inquiries have enabled him to arrive. The original, which was first published in the “Revue de Paris,” has been ably translated by the Hon. J. Stuart Wortley, and enriched by him with many valuable illustrative notes.

“Among the men,” says M. Guizot, “who fill a place in the great scenes of history, the fate of Monk has been remarkable. At once both celebrated and obscure, he has linked his name with the restoration of the Stuarts, but has left us no other memorial of his life. One day he disposed singly, and with renown, of a throne and a people: on those which either precede or follow it, he is scarcely to be distinguished from the crowd with which he mingles. He is one of those whose talent, and even vices, have but a day or an hour for the development of their full energy and dominion; yet they are men whom it is most important to study; for the rapid drama wherein they took the leading part, and the event which it was in their sole power to accomplish, can be through them alone made thoroughly intelligible.”

George Monk was born on the 6th December, 1608. He was the second son of Sir Thomas Monk, a Devonshire gentleman, of an ancient family but impaired fortune. When George Monk was seventeen, King Charles I., who had just mounted the throne, visited Plymouth, to superintend the outfit of the expedition which he projected against Spain. On this occasion all the country gentlemen flocked to pay their court, and Sir Thomas among them; but having reason to fear an arrest from an unfriendly creditor, he sent his son George to bribe the sheriff. That worthy functionary accepted the fee, and faithfully promised that Sir Thomas should not be molested; but being afterwards doubly fed by the other side, he arrested him in the midst of a company of gentlemen, assembled to see the king pass by. Indignant at this treachery, young Monk hurried to Exeter, and handled the faithless man of law so roughly, that his life would have been endangered but for the interference of the neighbours. After this adventure, George Monk, fearful of the consequences, took refuge on board the fleet, just then ready to sail: his relation, Sir Richard Greenville, received him on board his ship, and Monk accompanied him on the cruise. The object of the expedition was to intercept the Spanish galleons, but it was not attended with

success, and soon returned to England. The next year, Monk exchanged the sea for the land service, and enlisted as an ensign in the ill-fated expedition against the Isle of Rhé, and witnessed a second time the spectacle of shame and disaster which often signalises the presumptuous ignorance of a favourite. He retained a bitter recollection of it, which he often expressed in recounting the occurrences of his youth. We are therefore not surprised to see him abandon the service of his country, and embracing the profession of a soldier of fortune, joining the regiment of the Earl of Oxford, in the Dutch service, in the year 1629; one year after the expedition to the Isle of Rhé.

He remained ten years in the service of the States, where he acquired the reputation of an excellent officer, and was particularly distinguished by the ascendancy which he acquired over his companions, and the love which he inspired in his men; qualities which have ever been the characteristics of successful generals. A dispute with the magistrates of Dort, which was decided against him by the Prince of Orange, Frederick Henry, the Stadtholder, disgusted him with the Dutch service; and warlike symptoms being visible in England, Monk returned home, and entered the army which Charles was raising against the Scots. He was appointed lieutenant-colonel in the regiment of the Earl of Newport, general of the ordnance. The war was very unpopular;—the first blows were delayed by public aversion; and, before blood had flowed, the treaty of Berwick proclaimed that the campaign was over, but without soothing the animosities which gave rise to it. The armies, dismissed in forty-eight hours by the terms of the treaty, remained ready to re-assemble on the first summons. The new explosion was not long delayed; and, on the 1st of August, 1640, Monk, at his post on the borders of Scotland, on the banks of the Tyne, took part in the affair of Newburn, where the English disgraced themselves by a precipitate flight. Monk, by his judicious conduct, saved them for the moment from some of its disastrous results. The Scots, after having passed the Tyne, almost without resistance, marched towards the quarters of the Earl of Newport, in order to possess themselves of the artillery. In the king's army, disorder had not waited for the enemy. Monk, still at the head of his regiment, had, for his own guns, but one ball and charge of powder. He made application for ammunition to major-general Astley, but was answered that there was no more; and upon this, placing his soldiers, armed with muskets, along the hedges, he imposed so well upon the Scots, that they did not venture to attack him, and allowed him to carry off the artillery to Newcastle, where, with the place itself, it soon after fell into their hands. Monk always used to express the utmost dissatisfaction at the whole conduct of this unfortunate campaign. He maintained that the English army was fully equal to cope with and overcome the Scots, and advised the king to fight. His opinions were over-ruled, and a hasty treaty put an end to the war.

Affairs in England were every day assuming a more gloomy aspect. The Long Parliament was assembled; the quarrel grew more and more bitter, when the Irish insurrection (25th October, 1641,) chanced to present every Englishman with a cause to defend,—every soldier with a war to wage,—and that without engaging him with either party. Monk embraced the opportunity, and obtaining the appointment of colonel to the regiment of the Earl of Leicester, who succeeded to the government of Ireland, after the execution of Strafford, proceeded to Ireland. He there found divided counsels and neglected troops, for the disorders at home left little leisure for due attention to the Irish army; yet we are told “that there was not a soldier ever so sick or ill-shod who would not make an effort to follow George Monk,—a familiar appellation bestowed on him by the affection of the soldiers, always more disposed to obey when they have in a manner appropriated their commander to themselves, and when in their chief they recognise a comrade.”

Leicester, who had remained in London, had delegated his authority to Ormond, a zealous royalist. Other members of the government were attached to the parliament. The contests of authority were frequent, and always determined at the pleasure of the party most powerful for the moment: in general, that of the king had the advantage. “The army, suspended between contrary interests and inclinations,—pressed at the same time by its necessities, its dangers, and its common enemies,—felt, in presence of the Irish, rather English than parliamentary or royalist; and a lukewarmness of political opinion left great latitude to the chiefs in seeking to gain proselytes, and to the inferiors a large facility for maintaining a good understanding with both parties. Monk, skilful above them all, thenceforth commenced the attainment or the application of the art which he so constantly and dexterously

practised—the art of advancing his fortunes with the prevailing party, without ever losing the confidence of that which might prevail at a future day. The absence of all passion,—an apparent slowness of disposition, produced by the natural circumspection of his character,—and a remarkable taciturnity, secured him from the pitfalls of speech: it served him little in the conduct of his life, except to penetrate the sentiments of others, whilst he misled them as to his own. Yet his was an active silence. His assiduous, as well as regular and tranquil diligence, maintained connexions in all quarters where his situation permitted them; and without ever appearing to have bestowed himself, each thought he had gained him, or could gain him in time of need. On the other hand, devoted with indefatigable activity to the difficult cares of the employment which was confided to him, he appeared to be exclusively absorbed by it, and the acrimony or distrust of political opinion could scarce reach a man with whom some other business was always to be transacted."

Having given this exposition of his character, we must pass lightly over the events which marked his career, until we arrive at the period in which he played so prominent a part. The king's influence in Ireland gradually extended, until at length, in the early part of 1643, the parliamentary commissioners could no longer keep their position, and were compelled to quit Dublin. A suspension of arms was arranged with the insurgents, and Ormond prepared to send the troops, now disengaged, to the assistance of the king. He first, however, imposed an oath on the officers, binding them not to serve under Essex, or any of the parliamentary generals: two alone refused this oath, Monk being one. He was strongly biased in favour of the royal cause, but as large arrears of pay were due, both to him and his men, which he hoped to procure from the parliament, he judged it imprudent to furnish them with so good an excuse for neglecting their engagements. These reasons satisfied Ormond, but when he detected a message sent from Pym, in the name of the Parliament, to Monk, enjoining him to use his influence with the troops to induce them to declare for the parliament, Ormond thought it his duty to send Monk under a strong guard to Bristol, there to await the king's orders. There was now no longer room for concealment, and Monk openly declared his adherence to the crown. He repaired to Oxford, where he was treated with great consideration, and his experienced advice was sought and eagerly listened to, but not acted upon. He recommended that the king should reduce his army to ten thousand men, but maintain strict discipline;—counsels excellent in a military point of view, but difficult to be carried into execution, in dealing with such a heterogeneous assembly as the Cavalier army, and with an empty exchequer. Monk's services were soon stopt short. He had taken the temporary command of the Irish forces, then engaged under Lord Byron, in the siege of Nantwich. Byron was surprised and defeated by Fairfax, on the 25th of January, 1644; and Monk, and many others, were taken prisoners. Three years were passed by him in melancholy incarceration in the Tower. Meantime the tide of events flowed on. The civil war was at an end, and the king was a prisoner. Relieved from the distractions of the English war, the parliament turned their attention once more to Ireland, and Monk, from his experience, was judged fit for employment in that quarter. After long consideration and much persuasion, he at length consented to submit to the Parliament, whilst he dexterously avoided taking the covenant, by professing, or rather getting another (Lord Lisle) to profess for him, that he was ready to take it. But throughout his life he had what was probably a conscientious objection to fetter himself by oaths, which at that period, and in almost all cases of revolutionary disturbance, were and are, so frequently presented as to deaden the moral feeling, even in the minds of the most well-meaning.

Still maintaining his customary cautious demeanour, he proceeded to Ireland, enjoying the confidence of Cromwell, whilst the royalists trusted that, when the time came, he would be found ready to serve the king. They were not mistaken. After a somewhat disastrous career in Ireland, where the province of Ulster was placed under his care, he returned to England after the surrender of Dundalk, much dissatisfied with the conduct of the parliament. He was, however, held in high esteem by Cromwell, who, on his return from Ireland, gave him a regiment, and afterwards appointed him general of the ordnance. He accompanied Cromwell in his expedition for the reduction of Scotland, and, by his advice and example, was of signal service in obtaining the remarkable success which crowned the arms of Cromwell at Dunbar, where nothing but extraordinary talents in the leaders, and strict discipline in the men, could have rescued the army.

"Cromwell, pressed by the Scots, who were superior in number, had imprudently entangled his army in a confined position between the sea and the heights occupied by the enemy. There was no way for a retreat but by a narrow passage guarded by a strong body of troops. The general assembled his council: fear had seized upon it, and few officers advised an engagement. 'Sir,' said Monk, 'the Scots have numbers and the hills: these are their advantages. We have discipline and despair, two things that will make soldiers fight: these are ours. My advice, therefore, is to attack them immediately, which if you follow, I am ready to command the van.' These words overturned all objections, and Monk, pike in hand, at the head of his soldiers, forced the passage, which the Scots, surprised by so vigorous a charge, did not long defend. Their success decided the victory."

On Cromwell's return to England, for the purpose of pursuing and attacking Charles II., who was on his march to Worcester, he left Monk in the command of the Scottish army, and he soon succeeded in reducing the whole country. He has been charged with ruthless cruelty in permitting the governor and garrison of Dundee to be slaughtered in cold blood; but a comparison of various accounts will serve to exculpate him from this crime. The place was taken by assault, a terrible slaughter ensued, and the governor was basely murdered by a Major Butler, after he had surrendered himself prisoner; but Monk, so far from ordering or approving these enormities, "was much troubled" on account of them. No discipline can restrain the fury of troops during an assault, and no general can be held responsible for what occurs in such a moment.

After a residence in England for the recovery of his health, which had suffered from "the spotted fever," Monk, in the beginning of 1652, was sent to Scotland with St. John, Vane, Lambert, and some other commissioners, to promote the union of the two countries. Monk, specially charged, it would seem, with the secret instructions of Cromwell, showed himself in Scotland vigilant and vigorous against the presbyterians, and favourable to the remnant of the party of Montrose; and, in spite of the recollection of his recent severities, he laid at this period the foundation of that royalist popularity which afterwards, and with so distant a prospect, turned towards him all the hopes of the party of the restoration.

The year following, he was associated with Blake and Dean in the command of the fleet sent against the Dutch, and in this capacity signalised himself by a brilliant victory over Van Tromp. This action, and his subsequent excellent conduct of the affairs of the navy, as commissioner of the admiralty, raised him to such a height of popularity as at one period to give some uneasiness to Cromwell. But these suspicions were soon dispelled, and the Protector saw that he might confidently rely upon Monk, who indeed served him with fidelity, and would give no ear to royalist schemes during his life. The royalists having attempted a rising in Scotland, Monk was despatched to suppress them.

He reached Scotland in April, 1654, and after subduing the loyalist army raised by Middleton, he took up his residence at Dalkeith, and in conjunction with other commissioners, though himself exercising all the real power, he exercised an almost despotic authority during the whole of Cromwell's life. On the Protector's death he proclaimed Richard, but after this act of adhesion he resolved to await the moment when the safest course might present itself to his choice, and meantime to adopt or reject none. Possessed of great power, and with an army fondly attached to him, Monk was exposed to the contrivances and curiosity of all who sought to gain him. Thus assailed by agents of all parties, he found in his taciturnity a rampart which he seldom permitted to be forced. But even his silence was significant; and with him it served to maintain at once both reserve and confidence. "No sooner had any appearance of insinuation or general preliminary observations announced the purpose of introducing an overture, than Monk, with an air of profound attention, answered scarce at all,—differed still less,—opened no door for discussion, no channel for indiscretion: after exhausting a first attack, to desist became unavoidable; and each went away, persuaded that he had either shaken him or found him well disposed, but without having received the smallest encouragement to venture upon anything more explicit."

Meanwhile he closely watched the course of events, and perceived the growing discontent of the people, and their total want of confidence in the parliament. He also felt his own power, and knew that it would not have been difficult for him to have overpowered that unpopular body, and have compelled them to proclaim him Protector. When Richard was proclaimed, the soldiers and

inferior officers were heard to exclaim, "Why not rather old George? he would be fitter for a protector than Dick Cromwell." With such backers he might have commanded a powerful party. But he was not to be tempted: he saw the tide of popular opinion beginning to run strongly in favour of the restoration of royalty, and rejoiced at it. "Little impressed with the rights or exigencies of liberty, and much disgusted with the inconveniences of anarchy, he looked but little at the nature of power, so long as he either exercised or acknowledged it. He thought a country sufficiently happy when it was tranquil and controlled; and knew well, with regard to his own interest, that on the power of the master depends the fortune of his servants. He had the means of becoming the most useful and best requited servant of Charles Stuart; and it therefore suited him to treat singly and directly with the king, with the sole purpose of settling satisfactorily his own personal position, and leaving others to contend for the interests of the country. In secret, his sagacity had at all times led him to spare the royalists, and, from the moment that they could apply to him with a hope of success, they must have met with a willing reception. Monk never treated frankly but with them; and, throughout his progress towards the restoration, one single sentiment is conspicuous and predominant,—namely, the desire to withdraw it from every influence but his own, that he might be enabled to commit it wholly and freely to the prince from whom he was to receive its value."

Such is the judgment of M. Guizot upon the character and motives of Monk, who now prepared for active interference in the affairs of the state. Having waited until the breach between the English army, under Lambert, and the parliament, which he foresaw, had taken place, he prepared his army by cashiering or confining all officers who were not ready to support him; and proclaiming his intention to support the civil government and restore the Parliament, he marched towards England, and reached Coldstream, a village on the banks of the Tweed. Here he halted, and employed his time so skillfully in negotiations, that Lambert, who had marched his army to Newcastle, to oppose his progress, was baffled and outwitted, and his army melting away, was obliged to take flight without striking a blow.

Meantime the Rump had re-assembled, and once more gained possession of the executive part of the government. Monk, who had preserved their existence as a body, was yet regarded by them with some jealousy, although they had no suspicion of his royalist tendency; and when he announced his intention of marching to London, and demanded that all the troops who had mutinied against the parliament, remaining in London, should be removed to make way for his men, they dared not disobey. By slow marches he approached London, meeting in every town he passed through with an enthusiastic reception, and loud petitions for a free parliament. Meanwhile, he was full of protestations of fidelity and zeal to the Rump, and completely cajoled their commissioners.

Arrived in London, welcomed by the Rump, and trusted in by the citizens, he was immediately put upon a service excessively displeasing to these latter, but which tended to fill up the cup of obloquy which the Rump had long been preparing for themselves, and materially assisted Monk in the furtherance of his design. A fray between some of the disorganised soldiery of Lambert and the apprentices of the city, who made an outbreak, clamouring for a free parliament, led to an order to Monk to break down the city posts and chains; and he led his men to this duty, as displeasing to them as to the citizens, in whose desires they fully participated. His own opinion of the action he performed, he scarcely sought to conceal; and the next day, returning to the city, he openly declared his abhorrence of the body who could put such an indignity on the city, and summoning a common council—an assembly prohibited by the Rump—he stated his determination that a free and full parliament should be summoned, and that the present body must be immediately dissolved. His declaration was received with shouts of joy, and that night Rumps were roasting from Temple Bar to Billingsgate; and proper means being used at the post-office, such news only as was expedient found their way into the country, and the Rump-roasting became universal.

The time was now come for him to drop the mask altogether, yet he did so still gradually; but our limits preclude us from particularity on a point of history so well known. Suffice it to say, that the necessity of the step was so well understood, that Monk's messenger only just forestalled another sent by the presbyterian party, who offered Charles the terms submitted to his father in the Isle of Wight. The Rump was dissolved, and a new parliament assembled, who, on the 8th of May, proclaimed Charles II. king.

Monk has been much blamed for countenancing the restoration, without insisting on terms; but it is difficult to conceive how such could have been satisfactorily arranged, without losing all the advantages obtained, and in all probability involving the country once more in war. Weary of anarchy, all were ready to receive back the old constitution with joy, but there was neither leisure nor community of feeling sufficient for the construction of a new one. Monk was not so over-zealous for the royal cause as to have omitted this, if it had been practicable. What he desired was a stable government, and seeing the necessity of seizing the favourable moment, he would not risk the hazard of debate.

On the king's return, Monk met with suitable reward for his great services. He was already possessed of considerable property, (chiefly estates in Ireland, granted by Cromwell,) and he was now invested with the order of the Garter, nominated a member of the privy council, made lieutenant-general of the armies of the three kingdoms, appointed master of the horse, and created duke of Albemarle. Pensions to the amount of 7000*l.* per annum were annexed to his patent, and he was appointed gentleman of the bedchamber. He was always esteemed, and frequently confidentially consulted by the king; and his popularity with the people, especially the Londoners, was never lessened.

He performed several not unimportant services after the king's restoration. When the plague desolated London, the government of the city being entrusted to him, he performed the onerous and dangerous duties so admirably as to render himself not less loved by the citizens than formerly by his soldiery; so much so, indeed, that after the great fire, at which time he was absent, the exclamation—"Ah! if old George had been here, the city would not have been burnt," was commonly heard. He was at this time at sea, having, in conjunction with Prince Rupert, been despatched against the Dutch, with whom a furious but indecisive fight was maintained for three successive days. His last service was to lead some companies of troops against the Dutch, on the occasion of their burning the ships at Chatham. The Dutch re-embarked; but not so soon but that the Duke of Albemarle, who had proceeded to the advanced posts, heard the balls whistle by his ears. One of his officers urged him to retreat a little. "Sir," replied Monk, "if I had been afraid of bullets, I should have quitted this trade of a soldier long ago."

Monk's health had long been failing: he suffered from asthma and dropsy, and, after combating both with patience and fortitude, at length sunk under them, dying at London on the 3d January, 1670. He was buried at Westminster, in the chapel of Henry VII., but no monument points out his tomb.

"He was," says M. Guizot, "a man capable of great things, though he had no greatness of soul; and who deserved a better name than he has left in history, although it has been reproached, not wholly without justice."

By his wife, who was a woman of vulgar manners, though probably not, as has been generally supposed, of low origin, but who was certainly his concubine before she became his wife, he had one son, Christopher, who died childless in 1688.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

FRANCIS XAVIER was a very extraordinary man. Persuasive and commanding eloquence, an ascendant over the minds of men, unconquerable patience in suffering, intrepid courage amidst the most dreadful dangers, and a life devoted with inflexible constancy to a purely disinterested purpose, form a combination which varies its exterior and its direction according to the opinions and manners of various ages and nations. In one age it produces a Xavier; in another, a Howard. It may sometimes take a direction which we may think pernicious, and a form not agreeable to our moral taste; but the qualities themselves are always admirable, and by the philosophical observer, whose eye penetrates through the disguise of a local and temporary fashion, and recognises the principles on which depends the superiority of one mind over another, they will always be revered. The truth of many opinions for which Xavier contended, it is not very easy to maintain; but he taught to slaves the moral dignity of their nature; he preached humility to tyrants, and benevolence to savages. He must have told the outcast Hindu, that, in the grandest point of view, he was the equal of his rajah; and the ferocious Malay, that his enemy was his brother. He therefore diffused the fruits of the best philosophy, and laboured to improve and ennoble human nature. I am sorry to find miraculous tales related of him; but I hope they are only proofs of the divine reverence which his virtues left behind them, and that he did not sully his great character by any pretensions which might approach to imposture.—*Life of Sir J. Mackintosh.*

CANE SUGAR AND BEET SUGAR.*

NO. II.—ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE BEET SUGAR MANUFACTURE.

It is now nearly a hundred years since Margraff, a Prussian chemist, residing at Berlin, made the discovery that the beet contained a good crystallisable sugar. His attention was first drawn to this subject by the saccharine taste of the beet, and the crystalline appearance of its flesh, when examined with a microscope. Having cut the beet into thin slices, he dried perfectly, and then pulverised them. To eight ounces of the powder he added twelve of highly rectified spirits of wine, and exposed the mixture to a gentle heat in a sand-bath. As soon as the liquid reached the boiling point, he removed it from the fire, and filtered it into a flask, which he corked up, and left to itself. In a few weeks he perceived that crystals were formed, which exhibited all the physical and chemical properties of the sugar-cane's. The alcohol still contained sugar in solution, and a resinous matter, which he disengaged by evaporation. Having submitted several other vegetable substances (as parsneps, skerret, and dried grapes) to the same treatment, he obtained sugar from each. In 1747, he addressed to the Academy of Berlin a memoir, entitled "Chemical Experiments, made with a view to extract genuine Sugar from several Plants which grow in these Countries."

Margraff solved the important problem, that genuine sugar was not confined to the cane. After this, he enlarged and varied his experiments, but did not invent means of making sugar from the new material on a scale sufficiently large to render it an object of interest to capitalists. Yet he seems to have had a prescience that his discovery would one day assume importance. He commended it to the attention of the Prussian cultivators, and particularly the small farmers, as offering a new and beneficial branch of agriculture.

Margraff died in 1782. He was a member of the Academy of Berlin, director of the class of natural philosophy, and fellow of the Academy of Sciences at Paris. His works were collected and published in two volumes 8vo, in French, 1767. A German translation was published at Leipsic, the following year.

It was Achard, also a chemist of Berlin, who discovered the method of extracting sugar from the beet on a large scale, and at a moderate expense. He first announced this result in 1797. In 1799, a letter from him was inserted in the "Annales de Chimie," in which he detailed his method. The high price to which sugar had risen in France, in consequence of the capture of nearly all her colonial possessions, gave something more than a speculative and passing interest to the ideas of Achard. The National Institute appointed a commission to examine the subject. The result of their investigation was, that the cost of raw sugar of the beet would be 8*d.* sterling a pound. The price of sugar was such, that even at that rate a very large profit might have been cleared; but this consideration was not sufficient to induce many persons to take the risk of a peace with England, supposed at that time to be approaching. Only two establishments were formed; one at St. Ouen, and the other at Chelles, in the environs of Paris. Both of them were failures, partly from the bad quality of their beets, and partly from the ignorance and inexperience of the conductors and workmen. With them went down the high hopes which had arisen of this new branch of industry in France.

It is difficult to say whether these hopes would ever have been resuscitated, if political events of an over-ruling nature had not supervened. By the Berlin and Milan decrees, all colonial articles were prohibited, and that famous "continental system," so wide and wild in its design, but so important and permanent in its effects, was established. From that time (1806), chemists and economists applied themselves with renewed zeal to the search after an indigenous source for the supply of sugar. It was thought, at one time, that the desideratum had been attained in the production of grape sugar, or syrup; of which, in the course of two years, many million pounds were made. This sugar, although very abundant in some varieties of the grape, raised in a southern latitude, possesses only two-fifths of the sweetening power of the cane and beet sugar. Nevertheless, sugar being at about 4*s.* sterling a pound, a great number of manufactories were erected, and science and industry were tasked to the utmost to improve the process, and to bring it to perfect sugar.

In this state of things it was announced, that beet-sugar manu-

factories had been all along carried on successfully in Prussia. It was declared, that from four to six per cent. of sugar was obtained from the beet, besides several other valuable matters. Other German chemists had instituted experiments, and published results substantially the same as Achard's. At length, in 1809-10, experiments were recommenced in France, particularly by M. Deyeux of the Institute, who had reported upon the subject in 1800. The experiments resulted in the production of a considerable quantity of sugar, both clayed and refined, which, as specimens, served to revive and increase the confidence of France in this source of supply. No more than one to two per cent. was obtained; the beets being of a bad sort, and raised in the neighbourhood of Paris, where a vast deal of ammoniacal manure, hostile to the production of saccharine, is used.

In 1811, M. Drappier, of Lille, worked about fifteen tons of beets, from which he obtained two and a half per cent. of sugar. In the winter of the same year, an experimenter at Paris succeeded in obtaining four and a half per cent. from white beets, raised at a considerable distance from Paris, and without any manure. This was the first essay in France which approximated to the results of Achard. It was made by M. Charles Durosne, and was detailed in the *Moniteur*. It demonstrated how faulty had been their selection of sorts, and the mode of culture. At this time Achard had published in German an extensive work, in which he had treated with minuteness every department of the business, from the raising of the seed to the refining of the sugar. This treatise contained not only Achard's experience of thirteen years, but also accounts of the manufacture of beet sugar, on a grand scale, by other persons in Prussia.

In January, 1812, Napoleon issued a decree, establishing five chemical schools for teaching the processes of beet-sugar making, directing one hundred students from the schools of medicine, pharmacy, and chemistry, to be instructed in those establishments, and creating four imperial manufactories, capable of making 4,408,000 lbs. of raw sugar annually. Munificent premiums were also decreed to several individuals, who had already distinguished themselves by a successful application to this new branch of industry. A considerable number of manufactories were immediately added to those already existing in France; and, in the season of 1813, a large quantity of sugar, both raw and refined, was produced. A notable improvement was introduced by M. Mathieu de Dombasle, a learned and experienced cultivator and chemist. It consisted in applying to the beet-juice the colonial process of depuration, appropriately called in France *défecation*. This was, in fact, very analogous to the improvement which the Arabs effected in the Oriental method. Achard used sulphuric acid in this operation, and for the crystallization broad dishes, not unlike those said to be used in China at this day. The colonial process of *défecation* by lime is now nearly universal in France, as is likewise the substitution of the mould, or conical pot, for the crystallisers of Achard.

Such was the prosperous condition of this manufacture, when the disasters of Moscow brought upon it an uncertain political future, that bane of all great industrial enterprises. Confidence and energy gradually yielded to fear and discouragement. A faint and fitful struggle was maintained during another year, until the Cossacks, quartered in the sugar-mills, and the allied artillery, seizing upon the beasts that moved them, gave the manufacturers the *coup de grace*. The officers billeted at their houses became, from curiosity, their principal customers, being struck with the brilliancy and purity of this unexpected product. After the final overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, the prices of sugar fell. Still, to the surprise of all, two beet-sugar manufactories did survive the shock of this tremendous reverse.

After the retirement of the allied troops, in 1818, the government began to turn its attention to the encouragement of an industry, which had struggled meritoriously and successfully to preserve a boon to the French nation. Many eminent and public-spirited citizens raised up establishments, more perhaps to give the benefit of experiments to their countrymen, than with a view to profitable investment. Men of genius and profound research occupied themselves with elaborate experiments, and published their results. Among the most important were the Count Chaptal, who detailed, in memoirs on the subject, and in his "Agricultural Chemistry," the experience of many years as a cultivator of beets and manufacturer of sugar; and M. Dombasle, who did the same, with admirable clearness and precision, in his work entitled "Facts and Observations relating to the Manufac-

* Abridged from the North American Review, for April, 1839.

ture of Beet Sugar." The latter, with a prospect of many more years of usefulness, is still at the farm-school of Roville, near Lunéville, in Lorraine, devoted to agricultural and chemical studies, and imparting the results of his long experience, fertile genius, and assiduous application, through his publications, which go to all parts of the world, and to pupils who come from every nation. As an intelligent and industrious operative, M. Crespel Delisse, of Arras, is worthy of honourable mention. This gentleman was originally a labourer. He became the foreman of the first beet-sugar manufactory at Arras. The proprietor, who had invested an immense capital, sank in the general wreck of 1814-15. M. Crespel succeeded him, with the great advantage of having his fixtures at about one-fourth of their real value. This was one of the two establishments which survived, and it continues to this day to be one of the most extensive and successful in France. M. Crespel is interested, as part or sole proprietor, in seven or eight other farms and factories. He has received the gold medal of the Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture, at Paris, and the honours of knighthood from the French and other European sovereigns.

The method in general use in France is to crush, or grind, the beet with an instrument called a *rasp*, though its functions would be better described by the word *grater*. It is cylindrical, and revolves four hundred or more times in a minute. This reduces the beets to a very fine pulp. They are then pressed in hydraulic presses of great power, and the juice defeated, evaporated, boiled, and filtered, in very much the same manner as the cane-juice in the colonies. The great difference is, that the beet-sugar machinery has been rapidly improved, and the cane-planters have begun to avail themselves of the improvements. There is, however, another method of extracting the saccharine, which dispenses altogether with grating and pressing. This is called *maceration*. It was first proposed by Dombasle, and has been tried in various forms, with more or less success. M. Martin de Roclincourt, originally a captain of engineers, is the inventor of an ingenious and valuable machine for performing this operation. The beet is first cut into ribands, about one line in thickness. They are then plunged into boiling water, which is admitted into the machine at regular intervals, in regulated doses. The ribands remain passing through the circuit of the machine during one hour, and steam is occasionally admitted to keep up the heat. In this time the sugar contained in the ribands is dissolved, and remains in solution in the water; while the ribands, now called pulp, are discharged on the side of the machine opposite to that where they entered it; the liquor containing the saccharine flows off in another direction to the defeating pans.

This method is employed to a considerable extent in France, but by no means so generally as the rasp and press. Its advantages are, that it gives rather more and a rather better product, and requires a great deal less labour. Its disadvantages are, that it takes a great deal more fuel, and does not leave the pulp in so good a state for feeding; there being too much water in it, and less saccharine, than in that which comes from the press. It might be subjected to pressure, by which a little additional liquor would be obtained for the pans, and the pulp made vastly better for feeding. This, however, would require so much power of the press, and so much pains, that the French generally feed with the pulp just as it falls from the machine. We have little hesitation in giving the preference to this method in a country where fuel is cheap and labour dear. The immense establishment commenced in London two years ago, but abandoned in consequence of the excise of 1*l.* 4*s.* per cwt. (act passed in 1837,) which the government hastened to impose, in order to guard the West-India interest, was upon this system. On the other hand, the only other beet-sugar manufactory, upon a scale of any importance, in Great Britain and Ireland, which is situated near Dublin, has adopted the rasp and press. The former establishment delivered for consumption a considerable quantity of beautiful refined sugar, which was so completely undistinguishable from refined cane sugar, that the government issued an extraordinary notice, that any fraud in the exportation of it with the benefit of drawback would, if detected, be punished with the utmost severity. Whether the establishment in Ireland still exists, we are not informed. It is, however, the opinion of persons skilled in the manufacture and refining of sugar, and who have had small experimental beet-sugar factories near London, that the business cannot be sustained under a duty of 1*l.* 4*s.* per cwt. Others are confident that, in consequence of the application of the fibre to paper-making, by which the value of the pulp is advanced fourfold, the business will

yet get a permanent footing in Great Britain. We do not think a fair experiment has yet been made in that country. The original prejudice against the pretensions of the new manufacture, forced forward by the odious machinery of the "continental system" and the power of the empire, to become a rival of their colonial industry, was of course virulent and obstinate.

The protection of the beet-sugar culture in France, and in other nations on the Continent, is very high, as we have seen; much higher than protection of any article of general and necessary use ought ever to be. It is at least a hundred per cent. on the cost. But we have also seen that this business did not succumb to the shock and disappointment occasioned by the fall from a protection of three hundred per cent. to no protection at all. After the general peace, sugar fell as low in France as it is in the free ports of Europe at this time. An immense stock had accumulated in the sugar colonies, which had been successively captured and were in the hands of the British, inasmuch that they actually fed horses and other animals upon sugar.

The culture and manufacture of beet sugar in France, according to the result of ten cases which we have examined, has yielded of late years an average profit of forty-nine and a half per cent. on capital. In some of these cases, the profit was as low as nine, and in others as high as ninety, per cent. Now, as the new duty laid on by the French Chambers in 1837, amounts to a reduction of twenty-two per cent. on the former rate of profit, it follows, of course, that all those establishments which, on the scale of profit, are below twenty-two per cent., must go down, unless sustained at an annual loss. Even many of those which would range on that scale above twenty per cent., but which have proceeded principally or wholly (which is not often the case in France) on borrowed capital, trusting to larger profits for the means of extinguishing the original debt, will doubtless fail. The probable number of failures in consequence of the law was estimated at two hundred, out of a total of five hundred and fifty establishments. Others will probably remove from France, and set up in Belgium, Germany, Russia, or Austria, where protection is greater, and (what is more material) stabler; for those countries have no colonial interest to consult. Our opinion is, however, that the law will undergo some modification before it shall have produced this last consequence. These failures or removals, if it shall take place, will not show what protection, or whether any protection, is really needed. They will be the natural result of subtracting from a business a protection which it had been accustomed to have, and on which it relied.

It is well known to those who have attended to the progress of this business in France, that the profits of the principal manufacturers have been much absorbed by a desire, probably too earnest, to keep up with the improvements of machinery. Much has likewise been lost in unproductive experiments. It would be ungrateful and ungracious to find fault with our French friends on this account; since they have carried the business through the natural and necessary period of infancy, at their exclusive cost, for the common benefit of mankind. They have all along been conscious that they were obtaining from the beet but little more than half its saccharine matter. This conviction has naturally and very properly caused a restlessness, and a striving after something more perfect. It is certain that those who have resisted all innovation, and adhered to the original methods and machinery, have been the most successful; but, if all had been equally cautious, little improvement would have been made, and the nation and mankind would have been at a remoter period, and in a less degree, benefited. Nevertheless, we fully believe that the cotton manufacture has never been established in any country with so few failures, and so little loss and fluctuation, as the beet-sugar business in France, and other countries of the Continent.

But we may now safely assert, that the great desideratum which the French manufacturers of beet sugar have always felt, and have been striving to supply, is at length attained; that a method has been discovered by which the beet is deprived of all its saccharine, be the same more or less; and that this matter is obtained and operated upon in such a manner as to be nearly all in a crystallizable state. Hitherto, about fifty per cent. of the saccharine has resulted in molasses. This residuum is of comparatively small value; and everything which arrests the formation of it adds by so much to the deposit of sugar, and to the profits of the proprietor.

Mr. Schutzenbach, a chemist of Carlsruhe, in the grand duchy of Baden, is the author of this important improvement. Having

obtained his result in the laboratory, he communicated it to distinguished capitalists in Baden, who thereupon formed a company; not with a view, in the first instance, of erecting a manufactory upon the new system, but merely of proving its pretensions. To this end they advanced a considerable sum for setting up experimental works so large, that the thing could be tried on a manufacturing scale. Having done this at Ettingen, near Carlsruhe, they appointed a scientific and practical commission, to follow closely the experiments which Mr. Schutzenbach should make. Commissioners from the governments of Wurtemberg and Bavaria likewise attended. The experiments were carried on during five or six weeks, in which time several thousand pounds of sugar, of superior grain and purity, were produced.

The Baden company were so well satisfied with the report of the commission, that they immediately determined to erect an immense establishment, at an expense of more than 40,000*l.* sterling for fixtures only. A like sum was devoted to the current expenses of the works. Factories were simultaneously erected at or near Munich, Stuttgart, and Berlin. The arrangements were made with remarkable intelligence and caution; and we cannot doubt that the new method will prove of immense importance to the prosperity, comfort, and improvement of the northern nations and colonies of the Old World and the New.

PIERRE-LOUIS DULONG.

PIERRE-LOUIS DULONG was born at Paris, 1785: he became an orphan at the age of four years; and, though hardly possessing the most ordinary advantages of domestic instruction or public education, his premature talents and industry gained him admission, at the age of sixteen, to the Polytechnic School, which has been so fertile in the production of great men; of which he became afterwards successively examiner, professor, and director. He first followed the profession of medicine, which he abandoned on being appointed Professor of Chemistry to the Faculty of Sciences. He became a member of the Institute in 1823, in the section of the physical sciences. On the death of the elder Cuvier he was appointed *Secrétaire Perpétuel* to the Institute, a situation from which he was afterwards compelled to retire by the pressure of those infirmities which terminated in his death in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

M. Dulong was almost equally distinguished for his profound knowledge of chemistry and physical philosophy. His "*Researches on the Mutual Decomposition of the Soluble and Insoluble Salts*," form a most important contribution to our knowledge of chemical statics. He was the discoverer of the *hydrophosphorous acid*, and also of the *chlorure of azote*, the most dangerous of chemical compounds, and his experiments upon it were prosecuted with a courage nearly allied to rashness, which twice exposed his life to serious danger; and his memoirs on the "*Combinations of Phosphorus with Oxygen*," on the "*Hyponitric Acid*," on the oxalic acid, and other subjects, are sufficient to establish his character as a most ingenious and accurate experimenter, and as a chemical philosopher of the highest order.

But it is to his researches on the "*Law of the Conduction of Heat*," "*On the Specific Heat of the Gases*," and "*On the Elastic Force of Steam at High Temperatures*," that his permanent fame as a philosopher will rest most securely; the first of these inquiries, which were undertaken in conjunction with the late M. Petit, was published in 1817; and presents an admirable example of the combination of well-directed and most laborious and patient experiment with most sagacious and careful induction; these researches terminated, as is well known, in the very important correction of the celebrated law of conduction, which Newton had announced in the *Principia*, and which Laplace, Poisson, and Fourier had taken as the basis of their beautiful mathematical theories of the propagation of heat. His experiments on the elastic force of steam at high temperatures, and which were full of danger and difficulty, were undertaken at the request of the Institute, and furnish results of the highest practical value; and though the conclusions deduced from his "*Researches on the Specific Heat of Gases*" have not generally been admitted by chemical and physical philosophers, the memoir which contains them is replete with ingenious and novel speculations, which show a profound knowledge and familiar command of almost every department of physical science.

—*Farewell Address of the Duke of Sussex.*

THE ROSE OF JERICOHO;

ANASTATICA HIEROCHUNTINA.

In many parts of Germany a plant under the name of the Rose of Jericho is preserved, and made use of by its avaricious possessors for all sorts of juggling tricks and superstitious practices. The usual appearance of this vegetable body is that of a brown ball as large as a man's fist (formed by the little branches of the plant coiling up when perfectly dry), and is said to open only once a year, at Christmas. The miracle actually takes place, the plant expands and displays singular forms in its branches, which are compared to Turks' heads, and relapses again into its former shape before the eyes of the astonished beholders. Although few persons now-a-days believe that any unusual circumstances attend this appearance, yet the high price at which the balls are sold, (from twenty to twenty-five *rix-dollars* each), shows that there are still some dupes, and that the true cause of this change is not generally known; a few remarks, therefore, may not be unacceptable.

Peter Belon, who travelled in the East from 1540 to 1546, is the first who mentions this plant, although it appears to have been previously known in Italy; and he found it on the shores of the Red Sea. Leonard Rauwolf, of Augsburg, is said to have first brought it to Germany in 1576. Delisle found it growing in Egypt, in Barbary, and in Palestine.

It is an annual cruciferous plant, with oval leaves. The stem is five or six inches high, branched from the ground; it is soft at first, but afterwards becomes dry and woody. From the axils of the leaves rise small branches of white flowers, which are succeeded by an oval capsule, or seed-vessel, having its persistent style in the middle, and furnished with an ear-shaped appendage at each side, in which a lively imagination finds some resemblance to a turban. These pods have two divisions, each division containing two small oval seeds. The plant is of easy cultivation, the seed only requiring to be sown in a hot-bed in spring, and transplanted into the open ground in May. It flowers in June and ripens its seeds in September, after which the plant withers and apparently dies; but on being planted in moist earth, or being well watered where it originally grew, it assumes its former shape, the roots fix themselves firmly in the earth, the branches expand, and young leaves and flowers are developed.

It is grown in most botanical gardens, but never acquires the perfect form of those specimens which are brought from Egypt. When the seeds are ripe, the leaves fall off, and the ligneous branches bend inwards over each other, in the form of a ball, inclosing the seed-vessels within. In this state great numbers were brought to Europe by pilgrims in former times. When this dried plant is put into water, the branches unroll, and the pods become visible; on being dried again they again close,—an experiment which may be tried at any season of the year, and which is grounded solely on the property possessed by the fibres of the plant of expanding in moisture and contracting in drought,—a property which it is well known is applied to hygrometrical purposes, and which this plant possesses in a higher degree than most others. For this reason, Linneus named it *anastatica*, from *anastasis*, resurrection. The French call it simply, *la jerosse hygrometrique*, without any mystical allusion. As the quantity of moisture which this plant requires for its re-expansion is always the same, it is easily ascertained, by experiments, how long it must remain in water to imbibe a sufficient quantity, and also how much time is required for evaporation before it again closes. This property is very adroitly taken advantage of by impostors. The plant is moistened so as to open exactly at the given time: thus about Christmas they take it out of the water, as it is not absolutely necessary that it should remain in it till the very moment of unfolding, when by degrees the branches open, and again contract on the evaporation of the moisture.

In the East, these balls are rolled by the winds in the sandy deserts until chance throws them near some humid spot, when the branches spread out, the capsules open, and thus, by a beautiful provision of Providence, sow their seeds where they find the moisture necessary for their vegetation. The plant possesses neither beauty nor smell, but being imperishable, it is compared by the Roman Catholic Church to the deep humility of the Virgin. The natives ascribe to it the property of lightening the pains of child-birth, and tradition asserts it to have been the gift of the angel Gabriel to the Virgin Mary; hence its Arabic name, *kaf Maryam*, Mary's hand. It is believed to have opened spontaneously on the night of the birth of our Saviour, and again closed as before.

PRESENT STATE OF MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE IN ENGLAND.

IN our paper in No. XXII., upon Quacks and Quack Medicines, we stated sufficient to account for the predilection of the English people in favour of drugs and nostrums. There are, however, further causes which maintain the ascendancy of quackery, and which also may be traced to the general defects of our medical system, as well as to professional example. We shall, therefore, devote the present article to a rapid examination of the whole body of medical practitioners, in their several divisions of graduated physicians, operative surgeons, and apothecaries under the act of parliament.

The fee of the graduated physician is so enormous, in England, as to exceed the means not only of the lower but of the middle classes: his aid is therefore not demanded until the failure of the surgeon-apothecary, or, more correctly speaking, the physician-apothecary—for this practitioner perpetrates but little operative surgery beyond bleeding, drawing teeth, and puncturing purulent tumours when not dangerously situated. The physician, therefore, more commonly "comes in at the death;" but when he does not, his guinea visit of half-an-hour can give him no possible knowledge of the patient's idiosyncrasies. He is therefore obliged, in addition to what he can discover at a glance, to rely upon the report of his general-practising predecessor, who will naturally make out a case to justify the nature and quantity of medicine he has inflicted. The physician, even though he should lie to his conscience, will approve of the previous treatment; because to the general practitioner he stands precisely in the same light as the barrister stands to the attorney. By such a cursory glance he can do but little good; he however lauds the skill of the apothecary, writes a prescription, receives his fee, and makes his bow. He perhaps calls a second time unasked, to see the effect of his prescription, and declines taking a fee, if offered. Such are the professional doings of the medical graduate among the most numerous classes of English society.

But supposing the fee of the physician to come within the range of everybody's purse, his qualifications form the next subject for examination. We beg here generally to disavow all personalities: it is with the system only that we find fault. We undervalue no man's attainments; and we repeat, with pride, that England can put forth names of living physicians who may vie with the most skilful and celebrated.

The first obstacle to an improved state of medical science has resided in the London College of Physicians itself. No practitioners have hitherto been allowed to participate in its honours except those graduated at Oxford or Cambridge. Neither of these universities has a school of medicine, or affords any facilities for acquiring medical knowledge. The university lectures on any part of this branch of science, are mere idle ceremonies. They who take degrees there have no means, therefore, whilst in college, of qualifying themselves for practice. They are obliged to learn elsewhere healthy and morbid anatomy,—to acquire elsewhere all but very crude and general notions of the physiology of man and the signs of the diseases of which it is their avowed vocation to cure him, and which it is their duty to prevent as well as cure. To receive clinical or bed-side instruction, they are compelled to resort to other places where there are large hospitals. To study hygiene, and medical jurisprudence, they must leave the seat of learning which professes to teach them and does not do so, but grants them a degree founded upon the acquisition of classical learning or mathematical knowledge. These graduates constitute the president and fellows of the Royal College of Physicians in

London, whose doors remain closed against the most distinguished and most gifted doctors in medicine belonging to other schools; though assuredly, with some few exceptions, those on the outside of the temple are the most worthy of seats of honour within.

With the exception of the two infant schools of the London Universities, there is no real medical school in England. These are of such recent formation that there has not yet been time for any result, though we have no doubt that the good seed which has been sown in them, will, in due time, produce good fruit.

Unfortunately it is no test of sterling talent that brings a physician into the lucrative practice existing among the high-born and the wealthy. This may depend upon the mere caprice of fashion, aided by the sharpness and personal tact necessary to seize an opportunity. The patronage of an influential lady cured of an imaginary complaint, or whose weaknesses have been flattered, may create such an opportunity in favour of a man wholly inefficient, who will retain his post by the exercise of other good qualities, and by becoming the depository of family secrets. There are two kinds of the fashionable physician: one possessing the utmost blandness and fascination of manner, great facility of speech, and the most exquisite polish; the other pedantic, rude, and ill-mannered. Both maintain their ground by the same means; and both are positive quacks in their practice. It is therefore very usual for such as can afford and pay the price of the best advice, to obtain the most questionable.

Among our graduated practitioners generally, there is considerable deficiency in chemical as well as in pathological knowledge, to say nothing of real and comprehensive physiological philosophy. It follows, therefore, that besides the mistakes made in the nature of diseases, complicated compounds in the human body are provoked to the most dangerous exercise of the chemical affinities. We have now before us five prescriptions, written for as many patients, by a physician who resides at a fashionable place of summer resort. We know not to what diseases these remedies were opposed, but each contains, with a slight variation in the quantities, the same precise constituents. These are hydrocyanic acid, strychnia, sulphate of quinine, acetate of morphia, tartarized antimony, calomel, iodide of iron and camphor, with gum arabic, syrup, and water, as vehicles. Let any chemist fancy these substances, in frightfully large doses, obeying their chemical instincts in the human stomach. The quackery of this learned M.D., beyond the imposing appearance of so many items, is of the speculative kind, no doubt: he most probably fancies that if one article fail, another may succeed in relieving the patient. But he overlooks the exercise of chemical attraction between the substances, and especially the energetic action upon each other of the liberated arch-elements oxygen, chlorine, and iodine, each of which is to be found in these prescriptions. If it be difficult, as every sound philosopher will admit, to ascertain the effect upon the human system of even two compound chemical bodies combined to form a medicine, the union of the several substances we have enumerated, upon a mere speculation of benefit, is an act of the absolute and reckless insanity of ignorance.

An absurd piece of quackery general to the medical profession is the custom of continuing to write their prescriptions in a most execrable kind of Latin, instead of using the vernacular tongue. One of the reasons alleged in favour of this practice is, that could the uninformed read the prescription, they would have no confidence in the remedy. This is very probable, if they knew anything of medicine or chemistry,—not else; and all who have such knowledge could read the Latin prescription. To the uninformed, the chemical names of the drugs expressed in English would be quite as unintelligible as if written in Latin. Another reason

urged is, that foreign apothecaries and chemists would not understand an English prescription. No!—but they all understand French,—a language universal in Europe; so ought every English practitioner, if he would keep up his medical reading. Besides, we defy foreign apothecaries and druggists even to make out the words, much less to comprehend the intended meaning of the prescriptions written by many of our physicians, whose barbarous Latin words are tacked to an English idiom, as the strip of muslin for an embroidered trimming is tacked to its paper pattern.

The English school of surgery is excellent, thanks to the exertions of Cline, and Cooper, and Abernethy, and Lawrence, and Mayo, and Liston, and a long line of illustrious men. Still we have no very high opinion of the pathological, chemical, and medical knowledge, possessed by the general body of our operative surgeons. We very much regret to see that so many members of the "Royal College of Surgeons" are advertising quacks,—or rather that so many advertising quacks are members of the "Royal College of Surgeons."

Though many country surgeons, educated for operative surgery, are obliged, in order to compete with the physician-apothecaries, to become members of the Apothecaries' Company, by serving a fictitious apprenticeship to an apothecary, and thereby eluding the act of parliament, we never yet conversed with such a practitioner who did not reprobate the practice of a medical man selling his own drugs, as inconsistent with the feelings of a gentleman exercising a liberal and scientific profession. Many surgeons in large towns practise as physicians without a diploma; and we know of no law to prevent any man, qualified or not, from calling himself a surgeon, and practising as such, and from acting, in this capacity, as a prescribing physician. So cheap is the title of doctor held by the country people in many counties, that it is given not only to the apothecary, but to the most ignorant farrier and cow-leech; whilst the same rustics invariably call the graduated physician, "Mister," without his title.

One of the greatest evils attached to the practice of medicine, in England, because it makes quackery legal, is that precious piece of legislation called "The Apothecaries' Act." Men whose trade is the mere compounding or putting together of the medicines ordered by the physician, are hereby authorised to practise in reality as physicians, and to supply to their patients the medicines which they themselves prescribe, or rather judge necessary, for they do not write prescriptions except for their own shopmen or apprentices. This *drug practice* originated, in less enlightened times, in an abuse common to apothecaries and druggists,—that of giving medical advice, across the shop-counter, to those who came to purchase drugs, but could not afford to fee a physician. No restraint is now placed by law upon the doings of the apothecary-physician; on the contrary, he is supported in the impunity of abuse, and that which, in former times, was only tolerated, is now a matter of right. Can it be expected that, under such temptation, men will act conscientiously when in opposition to their private interest? Hence arises the pretension to obtain from drugs that which they can never yield; hence proceeds the temptation, which few practitioners can resist, to *exhibit* (we dearly love this word) medicines when the prescribing apothecary knows they are not needed, and is often aware that they are not taken. No matter! the only thing that interests him is that they should be paid for. Though at present allowed to claim a remuneration for their visits, apothecaries in London, and in other great cities, prefer the profits on their drugs, which some among them continue to send to a wealthy patient for many days, sometimes weeks, after he is well. Each day arrives a packet containing, with or without a box of pills, two or three elegantly labelled and delicate phials filled with a coloured liquid, and the corks

covered with pink or blue paper. We are acquainted with several general practitioners, who heartily condemn this disgraceful system, which they have too much honesty to pursue, and therefore do not realise fortunes.

There is another abuse, which is a crying injustice to the chemists and druggists, who are not allowed to prescribe for diseases and send out medicines to patients. The apothecaries are permitted to keep open shops, and retail drugs in competition with the retailing druggists. These licensed practitioners also set the example of secret remedies; they have their nostrums in the form of their "antibilious pills," their "cough lozenges," their "gout pills," their "antiscorbutic drops," their "plasters," and their "ointments." When taxed with quackery, their reply is, the public *will* be gulled; and that quackery is the parent of medical success. If this be true, whose fault is it? If then the example of compounding nostrums is set by professional men, who practise quackery *only as amateurs*, have we reason for surprise when we find professed quacks doing the same, especially as they can bribe the stamp office to affix its *imprimatur** upon each bottle, or packet, or pill-box, and thereby secure an exclusive privilege of sale to the inventor?

We must now cast a glance at the medical qualifications of the physician-apothecaries under the act of parliament. By this statute every candidate for a licence to practise must be twenty-one years of age, and have served an apprenticeship of not less than five years to a licensed apothecary. He must likewise produce testimonials of a *sufficient* medical education, and of good moral conduct. He is then examined by twelve persons appointed by the society of apothecaries to ascertain his skill and ability "in the science and practice of medicine," and his fitness to practise as an apothecary. Now what is his sufficient medical education? During the period of his apprenticeship he is occupied in a shop pounding drugs, making up medicines, and selling pennyworths of rhubarb and jalap, and ounces of Epsom salts. Here he learns neither anatomy, nor physiology, nor pathology, nor chemistry; here he has no clinical instruction, no hygiene, no medical jurisprudence, no useful information; nothing, in short, except what he picks up accidentally, and by his own industry in reading when the regular shop hours are past. Yet this is termed a sufficient medical education! Towards the close of his servitude he sometimes, during his master's absence, sees patients in unimportant cases. At this time, he is also permitted to absent himself to attend the necessary lectures, a certificate of such attendance being necessary to enable him to go up for examination. If he succeed in this ordeal, he is let loose to practise his skill upon her Majesty's lieges as a physician-apothecary, which signifies that he is to cure, or attempt to cure, their ailments with his own drugs, on which he realises a profit of a thousand per cent. The examination takes place at Apothecaries' Hall; and any young man of ordinary capacity and industry may prepare himself for it in a month, provided he has made any reasonable use of his leisure hours during his apprenticeship. The examiners are themselves apothecaries, with the same feelings, prejudices, and interests, and eager to uphold their particular branch of the medical profession. Proud of the little brief authority in which they are dressed, a profusion of courtesy to the trembling candidate is not always among their official failings. In most points they bear no slight resemblance to the old examiners at Surgeons' Hall, so wittily described by Smollett. We have seen dunces totally unfit to practise medicine pass scathless through the running fire of their examination; and we have seen clever youths rejected, though fully as competent as their examiners, because, perhaps, they lost their presence of mind, and failed in construing Celsus, or in deciphering an illegible prescription, or in some point of equally trifling importance.

* The word *imprimatur*, in good old arbitrary times, was placed at the beginning of every printed book. It was the king's license to print the work. Its literal signification is, "Let it be printed." We need not, of course, inform the intelligent reader that we have used it figuratively in the text.

CURIOUS CONSTRUCTION OF MALAY HOUSES.

A MALAY has a great affection for a house built upon the water, so that we often see the shallower parts of a bay covered with buildings, with only one here and there upon the land. The convenience of a natural sewer may have induced them to make such a choice, as they seem to confine themselves to places where the tide sweeps away the recrements of the inhabitants without any care or labour on their part. Situations of this kind are sometimes very pleasant, but not always; for the buildings sometimes cover a salt marsh, as on one side of Singapore, where the scenery is not enticing, nor the breezes sweet and wooing; for at low water they fan and agitate various masses of matter in a state of decomposition. The houses at Borneo stand upon the water in the usual way, and though the tide runs at the rate of three or four miles an hour, the nauseous smells that visited us while at the palace of the sultan, told tales about the state of affairs at the bottom of the river. We know from experiment, that the water in a river runs with its greatest velocity at the surface and near the middle of the stream, and its power of removing obstructions, according to a fundamental principle of hydro-dynamics, depends upon the depth; it will not, therefore, appear strange that many impurities are lodged in the sides of the river, though the flood at mid-channel may run at the rate of four miles an hour; especially when we remember that this power is farther modified by the inequality of the bottom. These observations are neither unnecessary nor far-fetched, but help us to account for what at first sight appears paradoxical; for we say, "how can anything unwholesome remain in a medium of purity spread out in such a noble expanse as the river of Borneo?"

The houses extend on both sides of the river about a mile and a half, in a triple, and often in a multiple row; so that it is not easy to guess at their number, with a hope of coming near to the truth. On the south side there are, perhaps, seven hundred and fifty buildings, which, by assigning ten individuals to each, will make the number of persons there to be seven thousand five hundred. This allowance is not too great for each building, as it is often divided into several apartments, and augmented by appendages for the accommodation of as many families. On the north side there is a row which runs in a corresponding manner, about half a mile to the eastward, to which I reckon three hundred houses and three thousand inhabitants. But here there is a large divarication of the river, which, after a little distance, branches into several beautiful courses, or *ulus*, as the natives call them. Here there is a large *compitum*, filled in various places with houses, wherein the people live in dense crowds, and certainly do not amount to less than five thousand. In the western continuation of the houses on the north side, we have at least five thousand more: these several sums, being added together, give twenty-two thousand five hundred, which is under the true number. There are a few scattered about the surrounding country, which, when added to the foregoing number, make it more than thirty thousand as the entire population of this ancient colony of Malays. If they are correct in the account they gave us of their migration, it took place about four hundred years ago, and was from Johore, on the eastern side of the Malacca-peninsula. Their remoter ancestors had, perhaps, in like manner, removed from Sumatra to the main-land, in quest of room and adventures. The houses rest upon piles formed out of the straight stem of the nibong palm, which is neat-looking and elastic at first, but the water soon reduces its outer portions; and the inner, being naturally soft and cellular, give way at once; so that a building soon needs repair in one or more of its supports. It is the nature of palms to be hard only in a dried woody crust, as the growth takes place near the centre, and not at the circumference. They are also destitute of a proper bark, or any gummy secretion, to answer the purpose of a natural varnish: hence the work of decay commences almost immediately after they are set in the water. The necessary repairs are seldom done in time; so that a house generally resembles a quadruped standing on three legs; though the reader must not understand me as meaning to say that an edifice has only four piers, for they are numerous, not only for present security, but as something laid up for the future. A Malay, however, takes all things easy, except an insult offered to his honour; and the work of decay is allowed to go on till the whole fabric is ready to tumble upon the head of its owner. We had an example of this while staying there; for the harem, or *astana*, was so near falling down, that, when the workmen went about removing some beams and rafters, the rest began to anticipate their labours. The doctor was soon called for with great vehemence: a spar, in its descent, had ploughed a deep furrow in

the pericranium of a chief man; and I had scarcely replaced my instruments, when another was brought to me with one of a similar kind in the side of his face. These occurring so closely together, put them upon some contrivances to prevent similar disasters, or I should have had a fair day's work in dressing wounds and bruises. The walls and roof are generally formed of palm-leaves, which agrees very well with the nature of this foundation, being light and of easy construction. A platform of palm split into pieces surrounds one or two sides of the building, for the convenience of passing to the nearest dwelling, and leads down to the water by a ladder not remarkable for the facility and comfort with which it may be ascended. Use, however, reconciles a man to many strange things. The thatch and walls of these dwellings are generally old and dishevelled, which gives them a very shabby appearance; a defect by no means obvious to the natives, as they commended some of them as very excellent in show and accommodation. There was not that regularity in the situation and relative size of the apartments which we observe among the Chinese; but in general we shall be pretty near the truth, if we say that the front was occupied by the master and his male dependants, while the back and more retired parts were filled by a train of females. The former were busily employed in carpentry, boat-building, and in the making of various utensils for the use of their master's establishment. The latter endeavoured to cheat their prison-hours by setting their hands to different kinds of needle-work, or, gathered together in numerous clusters, were fain to steal a glance through a favouring loop-hole at the mien and costume of the stranger, of whom they had heard little and seen less. I was sent for on one occasion to see a little child, affected with one of the cutaneous disorders so common among this people, and was received with much attention by a middle-aged chief, whose person and manly countenance pleased me exceedingly. He was sitting in the centre of a large room, with a small Chinese tea-tray by his side, and looking to some of his followers, who were pursuing their mechanic labours under his directions. In the next apartment were heard the movements of a swarm of females, who, in my imagination, seemed to run upon the side of the wall, like so many mice, to look through a few crevices which the joiner had left near the roof. By what means they ascended I do not pretend to guess, but the impression on my mind was exactly as I have described it. As often as the chief lifted up his eyes towards the wall, those on the other side, thinking that we could see them because they could see us, instantly began to run down in order to escape recognition. Here we had a crowd of delinquents condemned to perpetual durance, whose only offence was that they had some personal comeliness, or more attractions than the rest of their companions.—*Voyage of the Himmaleh.*

THE LAST DAYS OF MURAT, KING OF NAPLES.*

A WEARIED and exhausted stranger presented himself at the door of a lonely cottage, a few miles distant from a bay which opened upon the Mediterranean, a few leagues from the harbour of Toulon. He was a man apparently of middle age; and, though misery was stamped upon his aspect, his air was noble and his form majestic. His garments were torn and drenched with rain, his features haggard, and a dark beard of three days' growth, contrasting with the pallor of his complexion, added not a little to the ghastliness of his appearance. His dress was the blue cloth cap and long grey surtout usually worn by French soldiers on the march. He seemed as one worn down with watching, and fatigue, and hunger, and his enfeebled limbs could scarcely bear him to the door of the humble mansion. Yet there was resolution in his eye, and wretched as was his present plight, no one could look on him and doubt that he had moved in scenes both of splendour and of high achievement, as one to whom they were familiar. He hesitated for a moment ere he sought entrance, but it seemed that he had prepared himself for whatever fortune might befall him, for, without pausing even to listen or to look around, he raised the latch and boldly entered.

An old woman was the occupant of the single room that constituted the interior of the cabin, the furniture of which sufficiently attested the poverty of its inhabitant. But, though poor, she was charitable. The appearance of the stranger declared his wants, and she made haste to set before him such humble food as she possessed, to heap fuel on the coals that lay smouldering on the hearth, and to prepare for him a rude couch of straw, covered with blankets, in one corner of the room, before which she hung

* From the Gift of 1830.

the counterpane of her own bed, to serve as a partition. The wanderer framed a ready tale, to which she listened with unsuspecting sympathy. He was an inferior officer belonging to the garrison of Toulon—had lost his way while endeavouring to reach a neighbouring village by a shorter route through the wood—and had wandered all night in the storm of rain which had been pouring for the last two days. A few hours of repose would restore his exhausted strength, and enable his hostess to dry his dripping garments, after which he would take his leave with thanks and a lively remembrance of her goodness.

While he was yet sleeping, the husband of the old woman returned. The noise of his entrance disturbed not the profound slumber of the wearied stranger, and it was late in the afternoon when he awoke. The thoughtful kindness of the old woman had provided for him a change of apparel in the best suit of her husband, and when he emerged from his extemporaneous resting-place, refreshed in mind and body, there was a striking contrast between his rustic garb and the stately bearing which no attire, however humble, could essentially diminish or conceal. The owner of the cabin was seated upon a bench before the door, enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze, and, as the stranger advanced to greet him, a searching glance of his dark but sparkling eye rested for a moment upon the old man's furrowed countenance, while a shade of anxiety, or it might be of suspicion, flitted across his own; but the result of his quick scrutiny appeared to be satisfactory, and the transient cloud gave place, almost at the instant of its rising, to the bold and frank expression which his features habitually wore. With many a cheerful jest upon his unaccustomed garb, he repeated the simple narrative with which he had already accounted to the old woman for his disastrous plight, and laughingly declared that he would almost be willing to undergo another night of abstinence and watching, to enjoy the comforts of such a meal as his hostess had set before him, and of the luxurious slumber from which he had just awaked.

While he was speaking, the listener was intently scrutinising his features, and the more he gazed, the more his wonder seemed to grow, his doubts to be dispelled. At length he started up, and flinging himself upon his knees before the stranger, caught his hand, and in a voice quivering with emotion, exclaimed, "It must be, it is my General—*le beau sabreur* whom I have so often followed to the charge. Alas, alas! that I should see your majesty in this condition of distress and danger!" The man to whom he knelt, the wretched worn-out fugitive, now reduced so low as to be dependent not only for succour, but for his very life, upon the charity of an aged peasant, was indeed the celebrated Murat, the splendid king of Naples.

The history of his fall is too well known to require explanation. It is enough for our present purpose to say that, dazzled by the lustre of Napoleon's triumphant return to the capital of France, after his escape from Elba, Murat had abruptly broken off the negotiations in which he was engaged with the allies, and marched with an army of fifty thousand men upon Tuscany, then in possession of the Austrians. But his troops were Neapolitans, and a succession of defeats, caused more by their cowardice and disaffection, than by the superior force of the enemy, soon compelled him to flight; and having reached his capital with a few adherents, his reception there was so discouraging, and even alarming, that, as a last resort, he determined to join the emperor, at that time preparing for his last desperate struggle on the plains of Belgium.

Scarcely had he landed, however, near Toulon, when tidings reached him of the fatal overthrow at Waterloo, and the second abdication of the emperor. The situation of the unhappy king had now become extremely critical; his army had capitulated without making a single stipulation in his favour; the emperor, his last hope, was ruined and a captive, and a price was set upon his own head by the Bourbons. He applied for permission to reside in Austria, which was granted by the Emperor Francis, on condition of laying aside his royal title; and having gladly accepted the terms, he was quietly waiting his passports at Toulon, when sure intelligence was brought him that a band of soldiers had set out from Marseilles, with the resolution of taking him, alive or dead, and thus gaining the fifty thousand francs offered by Ferdinand for his apprehension. He instantly fled to a lonely retreat in the vicinity of Toulon, leaving behind him a confidential agent to make arrangements for his conveyance by sea to Havre, whence he intended to set out for Paris, and there surrender himself to the mercy of the allies, then in possession of the capital. The place at which he was to embark was the solitary bay where he had now arrived, and where a schooner was to wait for him. But he arrived too late. The storm had compelled

the captain of the schooner to seek for safety in the open sea, and after remaining to the last moment compatible with the preservation of his vessel, he had put off soon after midnight. The disappointment and alarm of the fugitive, on arriving at the bay and finding no trace of the bark to which he trusted for escape, may be imagined. He was suffering the extremes of cold, weariness, and exhaustion, for he had been the whole night a-foot and without shelter, exposed to the wind and heavy rain; but mere bodily suffering was forgotten or disregarded in the keener inflictions of his mental anguish. Death was behind him, and the refuge to which he trusted was suddenly withdrawn; his pursuers were already perhaps upon his traces—he was perhaps surrounded, watched, it might be betrayed, and his only hope had failed him. He had not even the means of knowing whether an effort had been made in his behalf—whether he was not deceived and abandoned by those in whom he had placed his trust.

As the day advanced, he became aware of the necessity that existed for concealment. Solitary as was the bay on whose expanse of waters he gazed in vain to catch a glimpse of the desired sail on which his hopes depended, it might be visited by those whose encounter would be destruction. Yet a lingering hope forbade removal to a distance; and, as his only means of safety, he was compelled to climb into the thick clustering branches of a chestnut-tree, whence he could overlook the bay, and in which he remained until night, shivering with cold, tormented with the pangs of thirst and hunger, and more wretched still in mind, yet not daring to leave his place of concealment until darkness should avert the peril of discovery. Wearied and worn out as he was, anxiety—the horrors of despair which but a single slender hope alleviated—kept his eyes from closing all the second night, which he passed in wandering to and fro upon the beach, like a caged lion, straining his eyes to catch the gleam of the yet expected sail. But it came not, and hunger drove him on the following day to seek relief and shelter, even at the hazard of his life. It was a happy thing for the fallen monarch that the cabin to which chance had led his steps, was inhabited by a veteran who had served in the armies of Napoleon, and in whose bosom still glowed, undimmed by time or change of fortune, that enthusiastic devotion with which, for so many years, the soldiery of France had pealed forth alike in victory and defeat, in wassail and in death, their cheering battle-cry of *Vive l'Empereur!*

As might be expected, the old soldier and his wife, whose attachment to the person, and reverence for the character of Napoleon were equal to his own, dedicated themselves, body and soul, to the service of the unhappy Murat. A large portion of the night was employed in devising means for his escape, and providing for his safety until those means should become practicable; and, in the meantime, there was no limit to the exertions and contrivances of the old woman for the comfort of her honoured guest. In the palmyest condition of his fortunes, he had never been waited on with more respectful and affectionate solicitude, than now when he was an outcast and a fugitive.

It was agreed that the old man should set out for Toulon the next morning, furnished by the king with directions to the secret friends who had already made arrangements for his escape, only to be baffled, as we have seen, by the accident of the storm. But a change of plan was soon occasioned, by the appearance of another character upon the scene.

As the old couple and their guest were seated round the table at their frugal meal, on the morning of the ensuing day, they were startled by a knock at the cottage-door. Murat sprang to his feet, for to him the approach of any visitor portended danger, but before he could leave the room the door was opened, and a single individual joined the party. This person appeared to be a man of perhaps thirty-five, whose singularly delicate features scarcely accorded even with his slender figure, and whose countenance bore a strangely mingled expression of sadness and resolution. As he entered the apartment, an eager and apparently joyful look flashed from his eyes, seeming to indicate an unexpected, but most welcome discovery.

His object in visiting the cottage was promptly declared, as an apology for his intrusion; it was simply to inquire the nearest route to the port of Toulon, whither he was charged to convey a message to a person residing there; "perhaps," he said, "one of the individuals he now addressed," and his eye rested for a moment on the countenance of Murat, "would undertake to accompany him as guide, receiving a reasonable compensation for the service." The old man expressed his willingness to bear him company, and the stranger, having returned thanks for the proffer, added, that perhaps he might even be able to conduct him at once

to the person whom he sought; the name, he said, with another glance at Murat, was Louis Debac.

"Debac!" the fugitive king repeated; "did you say Louis Debac? Perhaps if I knew the person by whom the message was sent, I could promote the object of your journey!"

The stranger slightly smiled as he replied that in the hope of such a result, he would communicate not only the name of his employer, but his own. "I am called," he continued, "Hypolite Bastide, and the message which I bear is—"

"And you are Bastide," interrupted Murat, hastily advancing and grasping the hand of the stranger with a warm pressure: "You are Bastide, the faithful and untiring, to whom I already owe so much. The end of your journey is reached, for I am Louis Debac—or rather, for there is no need of concealment here, I am the king of Naples."

Many hours were passed after this avowal in consultation between the dethroned monarch and the trusty agent of his friends in Toulon, whom he had not before seen, but in whose fidelity, sagacity, and prudence, he had been instructed to place the utmost confidence; and as soon as their conference was ended, Bastide, accompanied by the old man, set out for Toulon, there to make arrangements for another and more successful effort at escape.

They had been gone scarcely an hour, and Murat, with a characteristic forgetfulness of the perils which surrounded him, was amusing himself and his hostess by narrating some of the most brilliant passages in his adventurous career, and repeating anecdotes of his imperial brother-in-law, when they were alarmed by a distant sound, like that of horsemen rapidly approaching; and the fugitive had barely time to escape through the back-door, and conceal himself in a small pit that had been dug in the garden, where the old woman covered him with brushwood and vine-branches collected for fuel, when a party of some fifty or sixty dragoons rode up to the door, and dismounting, proceeded to ransack the house, and the grounds adjoining it. A number of them searched the garden, spreading themselves among the vines, and passing, more than once, within stabbing distance of their prey; while others endeavoured, but in vain, by alternate threats and tempting offers, to extract from the old woman the information she could so easily have given. At one time the suspicions which had led them to the cottage were almost converted to certainty, by the presence of the great-coat and cap which the king had worn when he reached the cottage; and Murat, who could hear all that passed, was on the point of starting from his lair to save his hostess from the cruelties with which she was menaced, when his generous purpose was prevented by the evident success of her plausible and well-sustained assurances, that it was her husband's pardonable fancy still to wear the military garb, although long since discharged, in which he had so often marched to victory with the eagles of the emperor. The dragoons had also fought beneath those eagles, although now they served the Bourbon, and the whim of the "vieux moustache" found an echo in their rude bosoms; they desisted from their threats, and soon after mounted and rode off, perhaps not altogether regretting the failure of their purpose.

The security of the dethroned monarch was not again disturbed, and, before morning of the next day, his host returned with Bastide, and announced the successful issue of their mission. A skiff was engaged to convey the unfortunate Murat to Corsica, and the following night—the twenty-second of August—was the time appointed for his embarkation.

But little more than a month had elapsed, and Joachim Murat was a captive at Pizzo, on the coast of Calabria—in the power of his enemies, and doomed to die, although as yet he knew it not, upon the morrow. The events which led to this disastrous termination of his career are chronicled in history, and need not therefore be repeated here. It is enough to say that the fervour with which he was received at Corsica inspiring him with brilliant but fallacious hopes of a like success in Naples, he there embarked on the twenty-eighth of September, with six small vessels for his fleet, some two hundred and fifty adventurous followers for his army, and a treasury containing eleven thousand francs, and jewels worth, perhaps, a hundred and fifty thousand more—madly believing that, with this small force, aided by the affection of his quondam subjects, he could replace himself upon the throne; that treachery and cowardice had reduced his armament to a single vessel and thirty followers, when he reached Pizzo, where his reception was a shower of bullets from the muskets of the Austrian garrison; and that, abandoned by the traitor Barbaro, the commander of the little squadron with which he had embarked at

Corsica, who hoisted sail and bore away the moment he had landed, after a brief but desperate struggle, in which he displayed most signally the daring bravery that had always distinguished him in battle, Murat was taken prisoner, stripped of his purse, his jewels, and his passports, and hurried like a thief to the common prison, with the few of his devoted adherents who survived, and whom he laboured to console as if he had no sorrows of his own.

The idle formality of a trial by military commission was yet to be gone through, but his doom was pronounced at Naples, before the members of the commission were appointed, and the night of October 12th, to which the progress of our tale now carries us, was the last through which he was to live, though his trial was to take place on the morrow. His demeanour, during the four days of his imprisonment, had been worthy of his fame, and of the gallant part he had played among the great spirits of an age so prolific in mighty deeds; and now, having thrown himself, without undressing, upon the rude couch provided for a fallen king, he slept as tranquilly and well as though he had neither care nor grief to drive slumber from his pillow. But his sleep was not without its dream.

The tide of time was rolled back forty years, and he was again a child in the humble dwelling of his father; again sporting with the playmates of his boyhood in the village where he was born, and displaying, even as a boy, in the pastimes and occupations of his age, the dawning of that fearless spirit which in after days had borne him to a throne. In every trial of courage, agility, and strength, he was again outstripping all his youthful competitors; foremost in the race, the conqueror in every battle, already noted for his bold and skilful horsemanship, and at school the most turbulent, idle, and mischievous, of his fellows, yet winning affection from the school-mates over whom he tyrannised, and even from the teacher, whom he worried and defied, by the generosity, the frankness, and the gay good-humour, of his spirit. Scenes and incidents that had long been effaced from his waking memory by the dazzling succession of bold and successful achievements which had been the history of his manhood, were now presented to his imagination with all the freshness of reality; the chivalrous warrior, the marshal of France, the sovereign duke of Berg and Cleves, the husband of the beautiful Caroline, and the king of Naples, all were merged and lost in the son of the village inn-keeper; the splendid leader of the cavalry charges at Aboukir, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and Leipsic, was dimly shadowed forth in the reckless boy, whose chief delight it was to scour through the lanes and across the open fields of Frontoniere, upon one of his father's horses, scorning alike the admonitions of prudence and of parental fear.

Anon the scene was changed, and the boy was approaching manhood, still wild, passionate, reckless, and daring, as before, but displaying those faults of his nature in other and more censurable modes: Intended for the church, he was now a student at Toulouse, in name, but in reality a youthful libertine; vain of his handsome person, eager in pursuit of pleasure, in love with every pretty face he met, ardent and enterprising in the licentious prosecution of his fickle attachments, and ever ready to engage in the quarrels for which such a life gave frequent cause. The ecclesiastical profession had never been his own free choice, and now the martial spirit, which was to shine so gloriously forth in after years, was already contending for the mastery with his habits of idleness and dissipation. An escapade surpassing all his past exploits of folly, was now to bring his studies to a close, and decide the as yet uncertain current of his destiny. The turning incident of his youthful life was again enacted in the captive monarch's dream.

The prettiest maiden of his native village was Mariette Majastre, the only daughter of a peasant, who tilled a little farm of some half-dozen acres, lying about a mile from his father's house, on the road to Perigord. About five years younger than himself, she had been his favourite playmate when a boy, and as he advanced in years, the only one who could control the violence of his temper, or persuade him from his headlong impulses of mischief, either to others or himself. When, at the age of fifteen, he was sent to the academy at Toulouse, Mariette, a blooming, bright-eyed child of ten, wept sorely at parting, and Joachim did not altogether escape the infection of her sorrow: but Mariette was almost forgotten, or remembered only as a child, when, six years afterward, the Abbé Murat, as he was now called, met her again at Toulouse, whither she had gone to pass a few weeks with a relative, and met her as a charming country girl, with eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls, a graceful shape, and manners by no

means inelegant or coarse, though telling somewhat of her rustic birth and breeding. Despite his destination for the church, the abbé was a passionate and by no means self-denying admirer of beauty, and the charms of Mariette were irresistible. Almost from the moment of her arrival, he neglected, not his studies merely, for they had never engrossed too much of his attention, but the frolics, the boon companions, and the flirtations and intrigues that, for the last three or four years, had constituted the chief employment of his time; and the admiration excited by her beauty soon ripened to a passion which he had not the virtue, if the power, to resist. Mariette was a good girl, and had been well brought up—but she was young, artless, and confiding—Murat was handsome, and his passionate eloquence, aided by the memories of an attachment which had begun in childhood, and, though dormant, had never ceased to occupy her warm young heart, prevailed at last over the dictates of prudence, and the restraints of principle. Yet she did not fall a victim to unbridled passion—her purity was left unstained, although the pleadings of her lover and of her own tenderness were powerful enough to turn her from the strict path of rectitude; and if she did consent to fly with the young abbé, it was only upon his reiterated promise to renounce the ecclesiastical habit, and make her his lawful and honoured wife. It was a mad scheme, but perfectly in harmony with the character of Murat, whose fault it was, through life, to rush upon performance, by whatever impulse led, without regard to consequences. He had neither money nor the means of gaining it to support even himself, much less a wife and children; and Mariette was no better off; yet, with no more ample provision for the future than a few scores of francs, which he borrowed from his school-fellows, the Abbé Murat and Mariette Majastre, at the mature ages of twenty-one and sixteen, absconded one morning from the house of Mariette's relative, and set off by diligence for Preissac, for the purpose of being married. Fortunately, perhaps, for both, their absence was quickly discovered—pursuit was made—and they had scarcely arrived at Preissac in the evening, before Mariette's uncle, with his brother and three sons, made their appearance, and claimed possession of the would-be bride. Murat resisted with fury, but his single arm, vigorous as it was, could not prevail against so great a disparity of force, and foaming with rage he was compelled to see his mistress borne away, weeping bitterly, and vowing eternal constancy to her half frantic lover.

The natural consequence of such an escapade would have been a dismissal from the ecclesiastical school in which he had been entered, but he did not wait for it. Tearing the abbé's frock from his shoulders, he rushed into the street, and happening to meet with a sub-officer belonging to a regiment of chasseurs quartered in Preissac for the night, while on its march to Paris, enlisted as a private; and thus, in a moment of wrath and disappointment, began that dazzling career which was destined to place upon his brow the crown of a rich kingdom.

Thus through the fancy of the sleeping captive, with more than lightning speed, coursed the re-awakened memory of events that had been the story of his early years. He felt again the ardour of his youthful passion—the excitement of a first and frenzied love—the triumph of success—the eagerness of flight, and the fury of that moment when love, success, and hope, on the very eve of fulfilment, were dashed aside in bitterness and wrath. The form of Mariette was again before him in the freshness of its youthful beauty—her lovely eyes, streaming with tears, were fixed with an imploring passionate look upon his own, and her voice was ringing in his ears, as she was borne away, calling upon her Joachim to the rescue. "Joachim! Joachim!"—the name echoed through his brain, with the startling clearness of a trumpet sounding to the charge—and with a start the chain of sleep was broken, and Murat, the conqueror, monarch, exile, and doomed captive of the present, beheld the dawn of his last day among the living.

For a moment reality mingled with his dream, and he gazed doubtfully upon the figure of an individual who stood before him, enveloped in an ample cloak, gazing upon his face with an earnest and mournful look—and it was borne upon his mind that the voice which called upon the name—the long disused name—of Joachim, was not the mere coinage of a dream-excited fancy. A second glance assured him of the truth, and hastily advancing to seize the hand of his unexpected visitor, he exclaimed, "Then you have not perished, Bastide my friend—Bastide the noble-hearted and true—nor yet abandoned me, when fate has determined on my ruin!"

"The king was betrayed and deserted—he is in the power of his enemies—and Bastide is here to do him service, if it may be, to the last."

Murat answered not, but gazed intently upon the features of the speaker, and his own wore a troubled expression of surprise and doubt. "Bastide," he said at length—"Bastide, my mind has been disturbed by painful dreams, and the recollections of the past are strangely and confusedly mingled with the impressions of the moment. Even your voice appears sadly familiar, as though it had often met my ear in earlier and more happy days—speak to me once again—Did you call upon me ere I woke, and by the name I bore in childhood? Speak once again, and solve the mystery which I have little time to penetrate."

"Joachim!" was again uttered, and in the tones so long forgotten, but so well remembered now—the cowl was thrown back from the face of the speaker, the cloak fell to the ground, and Mariette—the Mariette of his youthful love, though bearing the impress of years and sorrow, was indeed before him.

"I should have known it," said Murat, after a brief silence, into which a world of thoughts and feelings was condensed; "I should have known that only in the love and constancy of woman could the secret of Bastide's devoted fidelity be read."

The reader can neither expect nor wish to be advised at length of the conversation that ensued. The hours of Murat were numbered, and rapidly drawing to their close; and the remaining interest of this sketch, if any it has, belongs to the consummation of the drama, to which his life has been not inappropriately likened. The explanations required by him from Mariette can easily be imagined. Her love for him had never known abatement; and although her image had long since passed from his memory, his success and fame had been the treasured happiness of her existence; his misfortunes and his danger called her loving spirit to more active ministration, and a determined heart, a woman's ingenuity, gold, and the aid of an honest and gentle-natured cousin will readily account for all that she had done or attempted in his behalf. Gold, the habit of a priest, and the kind assistance of an old father confessor, who was in the habit of visiting the prison on errands of mercy, perhaps connived at by the governor, had even obtained for her the interview of which the reader has been just informed, and which was but too soon interrupted by the entrance of the aged padre, who came to warn them that the governor was approaching, and that Mariette must be gone. A hurried farewell—a last embrace, which even Caroline of Naples would not have forbidden—a fervent blessing interchanged—and Murat was left alone, prepared to meet, as became his character, his rank, and fame, the doom of which he little needed information.

The governor's tidings were brief, but conveyed with a respect and sympathy that did him honour. The tribunal appointed for the trial of "General Murat" was already sitting in an adjoining apartment, and the advocate assigned him for his defence was waiting for admission. Murat asked the names and rank of the eight officers named in the commission, and at once refused to appear before them: "They are my subjects, not my judges," was his firm reply to the remonstrances of the governor; "seven of them received their commissions from my hand, and neither of them is my equal, even in the military rank which the order for my trial concedes to me. But were they marshals of France, like me, I am their sovereign, not their equal, and I will not appear before them. They can condemn unheard, and to condemn is the task assigned them." In vain the governor attempted to combat his resolution by argument, and Starage, the advocate assigned him, by entreaty and the eloquence of tears; the king was immovable, and even commanded Starage not to speak in his defence. "I am the king of Naples," he continued; "they may take my life, but the keeping of my dignity and honour is my own."

His conduct was in accordance with this elevated feeling to the last. The commission proceeded to the trial in his absence; and when the secretary waited upon him to ask his name, his age, and the other formal questions usual in the continental tribunals, he cut the ceremony short with the brief and almost contemptuous avowal, "I am Joachim Napoleon, king of the two Sicilies; begone, sir, and bid them do their work." He then conversed freely and composedly with the governor and his fellow-prisoners, who were admitted to an interview by the kindness of that officer, adverting earnestly, but without ostentation or self-eulogy, to the disinterestedness of his conduct on the throne, and to the services he had rendered the Neapolitans—received with calmness the sentence of immediate death conveyed to him by one of the commissioners—wrote a short, affectionate, and eloquent letter to his queen* and children—passed the allotted half-hour with his

* The death of Madame Murat (sister of Napoleon) was announced recently in the newspapers.

confessor, and then came forth with a firm step, simply remarking to the governor, "Let us delay no longer—I am ready!"

On his way to the place of execution, his movement was as dignified and self-possessed, his look as calm, as though he was merely taking part in some familiar pageant of court ceremony. Once only he was seen to cast an anxious glance around, as if in search of one whose presence at that moment he desired, yet scarce had reason to expect; and when his eyes rested on the face and form of Mariette, again disguised from all but him in the cloak and outward bearing of Hypolite Bastide, a smile of satisfaction lighted up his features, which seemed to give assurance that already the bitterness of death was past. That glance, that smile, were once more noted when the fatal spot was reached—and Murat, proudly facing the carabineers who stood with ready weapons to fulfil his doom, drew from his bosom a trinket bearing in medallion the portrait of his queen, and, kissing it fervently, uttered his last command, "Aim at my heart!"—in a voice as clear and calm as had ever issued from his lips in the council-tent, the glittering hall of royalty, or on the battlefield. The carabines rang sharply at the word, and Joachim Murat lay extended dead upon the ground fast moistening with his blood.

HISTORICAL EPISODES.

GEOFFRY TÊTE-NOIRE'S WILL.

WHEN the power of France was prostrated at the fatal battle of Poitiers, in 1356, and the imprisoned king found himself compelled to resign the fairest portion of his inheritance, and to consent to sign the memorable treaty of Bretigny, numbers of military adventurers were thrown loose upon the world. Strict orders were issued by the English king that every garrison in the French territory should be evacuated; but these were reluctantly obeyed by a lawless soldiery, who had long been used to rapine. Half soldiers, half freebooters, they could ill reconcile themselves to resign the independent life they had led; the commander of each petty fort or castle had been accustomed to act at his discretion, without waiting for particular orders: their object had been to distress the enemy by every possible means, and thus they had become accustomed to consider all the country within the limit of an excursion from their stronghold, as their peculiar territory, in which it was lawful for them to rob, and plunder, and fight to their hearts' content. These were pleasures too congenial to be willingly parted with, and the king's commands were very unwillingly obeyed.*

The proceedings of the disbanded troops were most extraordinary; dismissed by their commander, they still kept together, and congregating, they at length formed a body of sixteen thousand well-armed veterans—their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. Old habits of military discipline still had their influence. They chose leaders among themselves; and after committing various excesses, attacking and subduing many castles and strong places, and plundering without ruth or mercy, they formed the idea of advancing to Arignon, and "paying a visit to the Pope and Cardinals." As these marauders did not intrude upon the English territories of Aquitaine, &c., no steps were taken by the king of England or the Black Prince to restrain them. The king of France, however, got together a body of men, under the command of his cousin, Lord James of Bourbon, Constable of France, who were entirely defeated by the superior skill of the "Free Companions," as they termed themselves. Lord James and his son were both mortally wounded at the battle of Brignois, and the Free Companions advanced towards Avignon triumphantly, being joined on the road by fresh parties excited by the news of their success. Pope Innocent VI. and his Cardinals were dreadfully alarmed, and proclaiming a crusade against these pillagers, endeavoured to raise a body of troops to oppose them; but the poverty of the Pope's exchequer was a serious bar to his success, and his troops deserted for want of pay, many of them joining the Companions, who revelled in the spoils they had already gained,

* These excesses appear to have reached their height in the interval between the battle of Poitiers and the treaty of Bretigny. In that period we find one of Edward's best generals laying the foundation of his fortune by plunder. Froissart tells us that "On the sea coast of Normandy there were a great number of English and Navarrais plunderers and robbers. Sir Robert Knolles was their leader, who conquered every town and castle he came to, as there was no one to oppose him. Sir Robert had followed this trade for some time, and by it gained upwards of 100,000 crowns. He kept a great many soldiers in his pay; and being very liberal, he was cheerfully followed and obeyed."

and were daily increasing. At length, under the conduct of the celebrated Sir John Hawkwood, whose name is well known in Italian history, they entered into the service of the Marquis of Montferrat, at that time (1361) engaged in a war with the Visconti, Lords of Milan, and Viceregents of Lombardy; but the Pope was not freed from their presence until he had granted them absolution for all crimes committed.

Others of these Free Companions found employment in Spain, where, under the command of Sir Hugh Calverly, one of the most celebrated captains of the age, they were received into the service of Henry of Castille, where they continued until they were recalled by the Black Prince to fight on the opposite side, when he espoused the cause of Pedro the Cruel, in 1367.

Many strongholds in France remained in the hands of these adventurous soldier-robbers, who for years continued to inflict dreadful evils upon the country. Among these, Geoffry Tête-Noire made himself particularly conspicuous. In the year 1378, when war had again broken out between the French and English, and the whole country of France was in the utmost disorder, scarcely one corner remaining free from foreign or domestic enemies, "there happened," as Froissart tells us, "daily in Auvergne and Limousin feats of arms and wonderful enterprises; more especially in the neighbourhood of the castle of Ventadour, in Auvergne, which is one of the strongest places in all that country. It was sold or betrayed to the most cruel of all the Bretons, called Geoffry Tête-Noire. The Comte de Ventadour de Montpensier was an ancient knight, and honourable man, who no longer took part in the wars, but remained peaceably in his castle: this knight had a squire or varlet, called Ponce du Bois, who had served him for a length of time without having profited much by his service: seeing that he should have no opportunities of gaining riches, he determined, by bad advice, to enrich himself, and in consequence entered into a secret treaty with Geoffry Tête-Noire, who resided in Limousin, to deliver up the castle of Ventadour to him for the sum of six thousand francs. This was agreed to; but he had inserted among the conditions that no harm should be done to his master, the Comte de Ventadour, and that he should be put out of his castle in a courteous manner, and that everything of his should be restored to him. This was complied with, for the Bretons and English who entered the castle did not in the smallest degree hurt the Count or his people, and only retained the stores and artillery, of which there were great plenty.

"The Count de Ventadour went to reside at Montpensier, with his wife and children, beyond Aigueperse in Auvergne. Geoffry Tête-Noire and his troops kept possession of Ventadour; from whence they ravaged the country, and took many strong castles in Auvergne, Rouergue, Limousin, Quercy, Gevantan, Bigorre, and in the Argenois, one after the other.

"With this Geoffry Tête-Noire there were other captains, who performed many excellent deeds of arms, as Amerigot Marcel, a Limousin squire, attached to the English party, who took the strong castle of Cassuril, situated in the bishopric of Clermont, in Auvergne; from whence the above-mentioned Amerigot and his companions overran the country at their pleasure. Captains of other castles were also in his company, such as the bourg Calart, the bourg Anglois, the bourg de Champagne, Raymond de Force, a Gascon, and Peter de Béarn, a Béarnois.

"Amerigot made one day an excursion, with only twelve companions, to seek adventures: they took the road towards Aloise, near St. Flour, which was a handsome castle in the bishopric of Clermont: they knew the castle was only guarded by the porter. As they were riding silently towards Aloise, Amerigot spies the porter sitting on the trunk of a tree withoutside of the castle: a Breton, who shot extraordinarily well with the cross-bow, says to him, 'Would you like to have that porter killed at a shot?' 'Yes,' replied Amerigot, 'and I beg you will do so.' The cross-bow man shoots a bolt, which he drives into the porter's head and knocks him down; the porter, feeling himself mortally wounded, regains the gate, which he attempts to shut, but cannot, and falls down dead. Amerigot and his companions hasten to the castle, which they enter by the wicket, and see the porter lying dead and his wife distracted beside him: they do her no harm, but inquire where the constable of the castle is: she replies he is at Clermont. They promise to spare her life if she will give them the keys of the castle and of the dungeon; which when she had done, for she could not any way defend herself, they shut her out, having given her what belonged to her, and indeed as much as she could carry away. She went to St. Flour, which is but a league off; the inhabitants were much frightened, as well as all the adjoining country, when they heard that Aloise was become English."

Many other adventures and outrages of Marcel and the other Companions are related by Froissart, which we have not room to notice. We must return to Geoffrey, who is described as "a cruel man and very ferocious in his anger, minding no more killing a man than a beast." He lived at his *case* in Ventadour, which he held as if it had been his own inheritance, and forcing all the surrounding country to enter into composition with him to avoid being plundered. By this means every one could labour the ground at their pleasure, and he was enabled to keep the state of a great baron and live with his companions on the fat of the land, at the same time keeping cautious guard and laying up a good store of francs. He was not single in this free-and-easy mode of life, for besides Amerigot Marcel, (who was afterwards "justified," at Paris, being first pilloried and then beheaded,) many other garrisons made promiscuous war, under pretence of being English, although there were very few of that nation, the greater part being Gascons, Germans, and Foixiens, and from different countries, "who had united together to do mischief." At length the Comte d'Armagnac exerted himself, about the year 1387, to make a composition with these freebooters, who held castles in Auvergne, Quercy, and Limousin, and had nearly succeeded in effecting his object, but the determined resistance of Tête-Noire, who received an under-handed encouragement from Gaston Comte de Foix, who was at feud with d'Armagnac, thwarted his designs. Tête-Noire was considered by all the Free Companions of those parts of the country as their head and chief, and himself "began all his passports and treaties of composition with, 'Geoffrey Tête-Noire, Duke of Ventadour, Comte of Limousin, sovereign lord and commander of all the captains in Auvergne, Rouergue, and Limousin.' He knew his castle was impregnable, and provided with stores and a sufficient garrison for seven or eight years; and it was not in the power of any lord to shut him up, so that he could not be prevented from making sallies whenever he chose, and set all the powers of France at defiance."

The Duke of Berry, uncle to King Charles VI., and lieutenant of Limousin and Auvergne, at length took part with the Comte d'Armagnac and the Dauphin d'Auvergne, who had likewise bestirred himself, and gathering a body of four hundred spears, equal to three or four times that number of men, laid close siege to Ventadour. He was zealously aided by the peasants, who laboured to erect large block-houses for the accommodation and defence of the besiegers, and cut trenches, and laid trunks of trees and other obstacles on all the roads, so that the garrison was scarcely able to venture out. "Geoffrey, however, was indifferent to this; for he knew he had provision and stores to last for seven years, and that his castle was so strongly placed upon a rock that it could not be taken by storm; and notwithstanding these block-houses, and this supposed complete blockade, he, at times, with some of his companions, made sallies through a postern that opened between two hidden rocks, and overran the country in search of wealthy prisoners. They never brought anything beside with them to the castle, on account of the difficulty of the passes. This opening could not be closed, and to the surprise of the country, they were found abroad seven leagues distant: if they were by accident pursued, and had once regained their mountains, though the chase might last for three leagues, they always considered themselves as secure as if they had been in their fort. This manner of harassing the country was long continued; and the siege of the castle lasted for more than a year." If the castle had been invested by regular troops, the garrison, notwithstanding their experience and good generalship, would probably have been much more straitened, but even the men-at-arms were levied in the neighbourhood, and were inexperienced, and probably overawed by the reputation of the redoubted Geoffrey. But his career drew to an end. At a skirmish at the barriers, the wooden outworks stretching beyond the gate of the castle, where it was usual for besiegers to meet and combat, more for the indulgence of the pugnacious spirit which led them to encounter in the tilt-yard, than from any decided advantage likely to be obtained on either side, Geoffrey received a wound in the head from a cross-bow bolt, which passed through the helmet and the cap beneath. "Had he taken proper care of himself," says Froissart, "he would have soon been cured of this wound; but he indulged himself in many excesses, for which he paid dearly enough by his death. He was warned of the consequences of his conduct, and told he was in so dangerous a condition, (the wound having become an imposthume,) that it was necessary to settle his affairs."

"Upon this he ordered the principal persons of his garrison, and those who had been most used to arms, into his presence; and when they were come, he said to them, sitting up in his bed,—

'My fair sirs, and companions in arms, I know I am in great danger of death: we have been a long time together, and I have been a loyal captain to you all to the utmost of my power; I should wish, therefore, to see, before I quit this world, my successor appointed, who would gallantly behave himself towards you, and defend this castle, which I shall leave piously stocked with all necessary things, such as wines, provisions, and artillery. I therefore beg you will tell me if you have taken any steps, or have thought of electing any one after to govern and lead you as men-at-arms ought to be governed and led, for such has been my manner of carrying on the war; and in truth I cared not against whom. I did indeed make it under the shadow of the king of England's name, in preference to any other; but I have always looked for gain and conquest wherever they may be had; and such should ever be the conduct of adventurous companions, who are for deeds of arms and to advance themselves. This country is very fertile: many good compositions have been made with it, though the French now check them by their war; but this cannot always last, for their block-houses and siege must have an end. Now tell me truly, have any of you thought of the person who is to succeed me?'

"The companions remaining silent, he again addressed them with the utmost good-humour, saying, 'I can easily believe you have had some conversations together on what I have mentioned; and I also, during the time I have been forced to keep my bed, have thought on this matter for you.'—'Sir,' replied they, 'we refer the matter to you, and it will be more agreeable if it came from you than from us: you will therefore be pleased to inform us of your will?'—'Yes,' said Geoffrey, 'I will tell you, and name those I wish to succeed me. Here is Alleyn Roux and his brother Peter, my cousins, who are good men-at-arms, and of my blood: I entreat you, therefore, to accept of Alleyn as your governor, and that you will swear to him in my presence loyalty and obedience, as well as to his brother; but I mean that Alleyn should have the sovereign command!'—'Sir,' answered they, 'we will cheerfully do so, for you have well chosen.' All the companions then took oaths of obedience to Alleyn Roux and to his brother Peter. When this was done, Geoffrey Tête-Noire again addressed them: 'Well, my friends, you have complied with my request, and I thank you for it. Because I wish you should partake of what you have helped me to conquer, I must inform you, that in that chest that you see yonder, (pointing to it with his finger,) there is a sum of thirty thousand francs. I would acquit my conscience and myself towards those who have faithfully served me: say, therefore, if you will truly fulfil the articles of my will?' Having said they would, he continued: 'In the first place, I leave to the chapel of St. George within our walls, the sum of fifteen hundred francs, for repairs and additional buildings.—I give to my mistress, who has been faithfully attached to me, two thousand five hundred francs.—To Alleyn Roux, your governor, two thousand francs.—To my valets-de-chambre, five hundred francs.—To my officers, fifteen hundred francs.—The surplus I thus dispose of: you are about thirty companions, all engaged in the same enterprise, and you should behave like brothers to each other, without envy, riot, or strife. The sum I have mentioned you will find in the chest: divide it, therefore, among you fairly and honourably: but should the devil get among you, and you cannot agree, here is a well-tempered sharp axe, cut open the chest, and let those who can seize the contents!' To this speech they unanimously replied, 'Lord and master, we will not disagree. We have so much loved and feared you, that we will not break the chest, nor disobey any of the orders you have given us.' Such was the last will of Geoffrey Tête-Noire, who only lived two days more, and was buried in the chapel of St. George in Ventadour. All his legacies were paid, and the surplus divided among the companions according to his orders; and Alleyn Roux, with his brother Peter, were obeyed as governors of the castle."

We have given this will as a very curious instance of the state of France at the time, 1389. We find a man holding a strong place, levying contributions, a sort of black-mail, upon all the surrounding country, for many years, without any attempt to oppose him; and when at length individual, rather than national forces are brought into play, the chief of the marauding band, cut off at last by a chance shot, leaves his followers in a position to maintain a successful contest. In the end they were subdued, but not by the force of the enemy. They laid a trap for their enemies, but were taken in their own snare, and Alleyn and Peter Roux were pilloried, beheaded, and quartered at Paris; a punishment not disproportioned to their crimes and treachery, by which last they, like most cunning people, overreached themselves, and fell into the pitfall they had prepared for others.

A BENEVOLENT ADVICE.

Behold vice without satire; be content with an admonition or instructive reprehension; for noble natures, and such as are capable of goodness, are railed into vice that might as easily be admonished into virtue; and we should all be so far the orators of goodness as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintain the cause of injured truth.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

THE CHARACTER OF NEWTON.

Newton never seems to have placed himself, even in idea, beside his fellows; but always in presence of the vast universe, and of Him the Maker of it. His mind was therefore stamped with a grave and reverential abasement; he compared his discoveries, not with what had been accomplished before, but with what remained to be done; the law of gravity itself was but as a sound of distant waters, a little gleam from the unknown; telling, however, distinctly of its home,—like the shell of the Arabian maid in Gebril:

"Apply its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs, as the ocean murmured there."

Nichol's Phenomena and Order of the Solar System.

VALUE OF AUTOGRAPHS.

Mr. Tefft, an American collector, received some of his most curious specimens gratuitously from friends in Great Britain, although, as might be expected in a very artificial state of society, they would often command considerable prices in that country. The poet Campbell raised forty-five guineas for the Poles by autographs; and visiting a lady who had notes from distinguished people on her table, he advised her to conceal them, or they would be stolen. Brougham's autograph was valued at five guineas.

A Week among Autographs, by the Rev. S. Gilman.

THE SEA.

There is something in being near the sea, like the confines of eternity. It is a new element, a pure abstraction. The mind loves to hover on that which is endless, and for ever the same. People wonder at a steam-boat, the invention of man, managed by man, that makes its liquid path like an iron railway through the sea. I wonder at the sea itself, that vast leviathan, rolled round the earth, smiling in its sleep, waked into fury, fathomless, boundless, a huge world of water-drops. Whence is it—whither goes it? Is it of eternity or of nothing? Strange, ponderous riddle, that we can neither penetrate nor grasp in our comprehension; ebbing and flowing like human life, and swallowing it up in thy remorseless womb,—what art thou? What is there in common between thy life and ours, who gaze at thee? Blind, deaf, and old, thou seest not, hearest not, understandest not; neither do we understand, who behold and listen to thee! Great as thou art, unconscious of thy greatness, unwieldy, enormous, preposterous twin-birth of matter! rest in thy dark, unfathomed cave of mystery, mocking human pride and weakness. Still is it given to the mind of man to wonder at thee, to confess thy ignorance, and to stand in awe of thy stupendous might and majesty, and of its own being, that can question thine!—*Hazlitt.*

WAFERS.

The oldest letter yet found with a red wafer was written in 1624, from D. Krap, at Spire, to the government at Bayreuth. Wafers are ascribed, by Labat, to Genoese economy. In the whole of the seventeenth century, they were only used by private persons; on public seals they commence only in the eighteenth century.—*Foster's Dictionary of Antiquities.*

THE LARGE RED MONKEY OF DEMERARA.

While lying in your hammock in the gloomy and immeasurable wilds, you hear him howling at intervals from eleven o'clock at night till day-break. You would suppose that half the wild beasts of the forest were collecting for the work of carnage. Now it is the tremendous roar of the jaguar, as he springs on his prey: now it changes to his terrible and deep-toned growlings, as he is pressed on all sides by superior force: and now you hear his last dying moan, beneath a mortal wound. Some naturalists have supposed that these awful sounds, which you would fancy are those of enraged and dying wild beasts, proceed from a number of the red monkeys howling in concert. One of them alone is capable of producing all these sounds; and the anatomists, on an inspection of his trachea, will be fully satisfied that this is the case. When you look at him, as he is sitting on the branch of a tree, you will see a lump in his throat, the size of a large hen's egg.—*Waterton's Wanderings.*

POETRY AND PAINTING.

We consider nature but transiently till the poet or painter awakes our attention, and send us back to life with a new curiosity, which we owe entirely to the copies they lay before us.—*Preface to Wood's Essay on Homer.*

IMPORTANCE OF FIRESIDE EDUCATION.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and colour to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honours of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth.—*Fireside Education.*

A CHARACTER OF A CHARACTER.

To square out a character by our English level, is a picture (real or personal) quaintly drawn in various colours, all of them heightened by one shadowing. It is a quick and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up of one musical close: it is wit's descendant on any plain song.

Sir Thomas Overbury.

A LION'S REMORSE.

In the beginning of the last century, there was in the menagerie at Cassel a lion that showed an astonishing degree of tameness towards the woman that had the care of him. This went so far, that the woman, in order to amuse the company that came to see the animal, would often rashly place not only her hand, but even her head, between his tremendous jaws. She had frequently performed this experiment without suffering any injury; but having once introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the animal made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly, this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; for, probably, at the fatal moment, the hair of the woman's head irritated the lion's throat, and compelled him to sneeze or cough; at least, this suggestion appears to be confirmed by what followed; for, as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good-tempered, grateful animal exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy,—laid himself down by the side of the dead body, which he would not suffer to be taken from him,—refused to take any food, and in a few days pined himself to death.—*Zoological Anecdotes.*

IDOLS.

Whatever passes as a cloud between
The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
Causing that brighter world to disappear,
Or seem less lovely, and its hope less dear;
This is our world, our idol: though it bear
Affection's impress, or devotion's air.

Sabbath Recreations.

A CABINET COUNCIL.

The great Earl of Chatham's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bedclothes. At his house at Hayes, he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came when the Earl (then only plain Mr. Pitt) was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room: the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold. The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it, as he grew colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the Duke fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bedclothes. A person (who related the story to Horace Walpole) suddenly going in, saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room; while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque character of the scene.

NATURE.

Whoever shall represent to his fancy, as in a picture, that great image of our mother Nature, portrayed in her full majesty and lustre,—whoever in her face shall read so general and so constant a variety,—whoever shall observe himself in that figure, and not himself, but a whole kingdom, no bigger than the least touch or prick of a pencil, in comparison of the whole, that man alone is able to value things according to their true estimate and grandeur.—*Montaigne.*

A BIT OF MAHOMEDAN LAW.

Oh, true believers! when ye bind yourselves one to the other in a debt for a certain time, *write it down*,—and disdian not to write it down, be it a large, or be it a small one, until its time of payment. This will be more just in the sight of God, and more right for bearing witness, and more easy, that ye may not doubt. But if it be for a present bargain which you transact among yourselves, it shall be no crime in you, if you write it not down.—*Koran*, chap. 2.

STRONG ATTACHMENT OF A GOLDFINCH.

Madame — had a goldfinch, that never saw her go out without making every effort in his power to quit his cage and follow her, and welcomed her return with every mark of extreme delight: as soon as she approached, a thousand little actions showed his pleasure and satisfaction; if she presented her finger, he caressed it a long time, uttering a low joyous murmur. This attachment was so exclusive, that if his mistress, to prove it, substituted another person's finger for her own, he would peck it sharply, whilst one of his mistress's, placed between two of this person's, would be immediately distinguished, and caressed accordingly.—*Bechstein.*

LIFE VIEWED RELATIVELY.

The ant and the bee are, I think, much nearer man in the understanding or faculty of adapting means to proximate ends than the elephant. Plants exist in themselves, insects by or by means of themselves, men for themselves. There is growth only in plants; but there is irritability, or (a better word) instinctivity, in insects.—*Cockridge.*

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